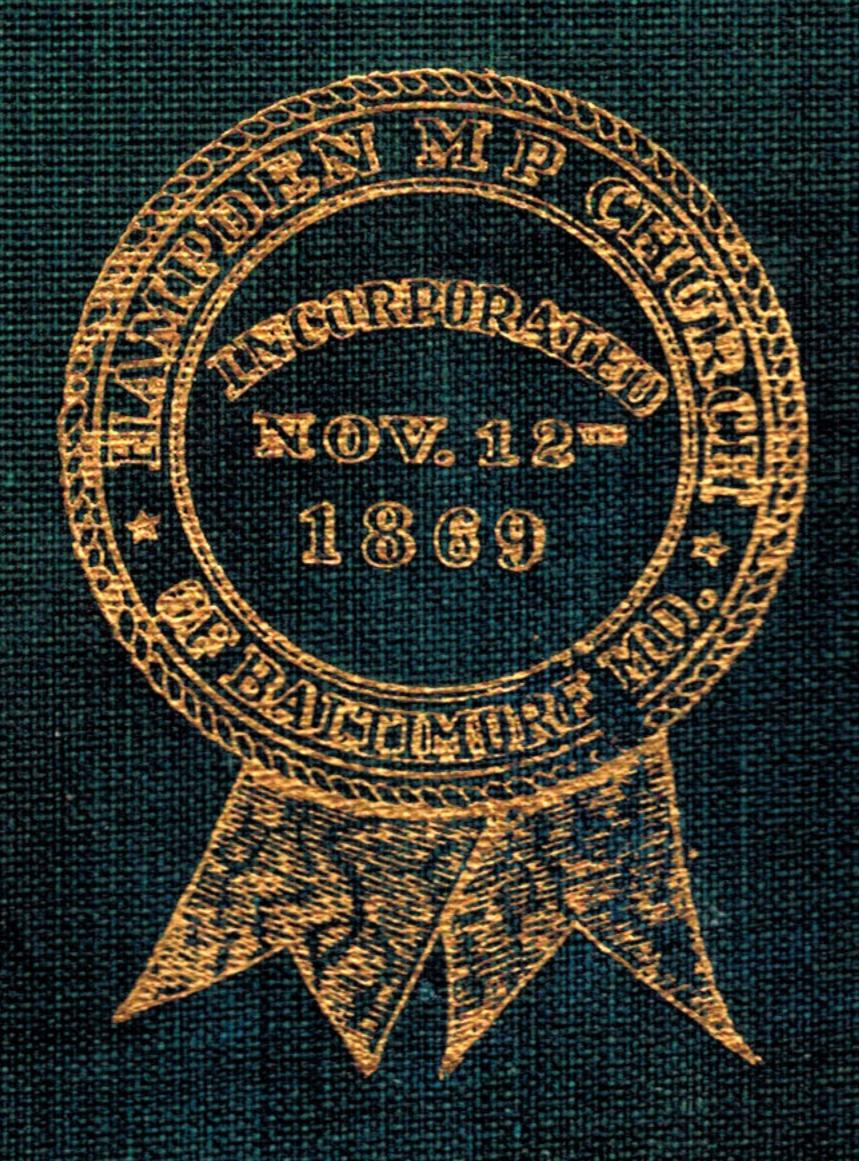
The History

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Hampden Methodist Protestant Church

1867-1917



EDWARD DANIEL STONE

Our Golden Juhilee

The History of Hampden Methodist Protestant Church

Fiftieth Anniversary

1867--1917

EDWARD DANIEL STONE

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Dedicated to KATIE

who, with a glad heart and a cheery smile, has shared all my sorrows and all my joys. A comforter and a dear comrade on the way we are traveling, a way which grows sweeter as the days go by, and a companion-ship which God has blessed.

E. D. STONE.

WHY?

This is the fiftieth anniversary of Hampden Methodist Protestant Church, "Our Golden Jubilee" and this little book is a feeble attempt to give our people the story of the days from 1867 to 1917.

It has been a keen pleasure to search out the data and write the story. It is purely a labor of love for a people that I have served for nearly five years, and a people for whom my heart grows warmer as the days go by.

E. D. STONE.

The Prophet's Rest, 3449 Falls Road, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 25, 1917.



Mours in Stis Frame, & Stone

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INTRODUCTION.

HE pastor of Hampden Church has been guilty of many good things since his first appointment to that charge. Having reached the fiftieth year of its age as a church, he is adding another clever incident to the man-

ifold products of his pastoral career. He will celebrate the event with a "Golden Jubilee" in which he will recall the labor and struggles of the faithful band that organized the church. He will pay a tribute to the ministers who preceded him in the church's life. He will tenderly remember the loved ones who found the Redeemer at its altars, and then answered the home call of their Lord, and he will properly honor the flock that now find "green pastures and still waters" under his shepherding care.

The story of these fifty years bristles with activities, profoundly interesting incidents and great achievements in church work. The story, as it is here told, the pastor ferreted out from every available source of information, and it is so well told that it reads like a charming romance. The trials that the church met and overcame, the gracious revivals that it held, resulting in numerous ingatherings, the faithful ministers who became fruitful leaders of the organization, the characters that were formed, the lives that were made pure, the Christian services that were rendered, the hopes that were cherished, and the souls that were saved, together with the multiplied agencies that are now so active in the work, are all recounted here, and they furnish a charm and an inspiration that will do far more than celebrate even a golden anniversary. story is not only stimulating and encouraging to the present membership, but to every struggling church that balks

at discouragement or despairs in times of trial. This church had trials, plenty of them. It was never blessed with wealth, yet it sought no conference appropriations. It always had faithful members who knew how to pray, and to wait, and to trust. Its look was always forward and its faith heavenward. Today it is greater, stronger, more active, and more fruitful than at any time in its history. It has congregations that will twice fill the church, a Sunday-school that is far too large for the space allotted to it, and the biggest Bible class in the state. The church has ample reason to celebrate and to rejoice at its half century achievements. It may sing the doxology with irrepressible enthusiasm. Should you decide to read this introduction first, let me bid you to read on to the end of the book. If you read the pastor's story as he tells it first, it will not be necessary to read the introduction.

F. T. TAGG.

"OUR GOLDEN JUBILEE."

By MYRA C. KNIGHT.

Daughter of John G. Knight.

A tiny seed God planted
Beside a lonely way,
Which lived, and grew unnoticed
Through many a changing day;
Through evening sun and morning's dew
The seed into a sapling grew.

Each day its verdant banners
Waved to the sun on high,
Each day its sturdy branches
Leaped upward toward the sky,
And reaching out o'er hill and dale
Spread cooling shadows in their trail.

Here many a weary traveler
Sought shelter day by day;
And finding rest took courage
To wend his onward way;
Here many a faint and drooping soul
Renewed his strength and reached the goal.

An humble word, God guided,
A feeble voice's call,
Telling the wondrous message
That Jesus died for all;
The weak voice multiplies, and grows,
And swells in volume as it goes.

Here many a child of darkness
Was born into the day;
Here many a saint in glory
First found the living way;
Here many 'mong the blood-washed throng
First learned the glad redemption song.

I'he humble tree, once planted
Through God's great love for man,
The feeble voices telling
God's great redemptive plan,
Through half a century has grown
A mighty power before the throne.

And may this be our glory:
For fifty years we've stood
A champion of the story,
"Atonement through the blood";
May no false creed of sin's design
E'er wrest us from God's truth divine.

Today our golden harvest
Adoringly we bring,
To place within the garner,
Of our Saviour and our King;
May countless souls our offering be
At this our Golden Jubilee.

HISTORY OF THE HAMPDEN METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

EYOND the northern boundary of Baltimore City, nestling among the hills, was the little village of Hampden. It was not a large town, only a few houses dotted here and there along the road. The cotton duck mills

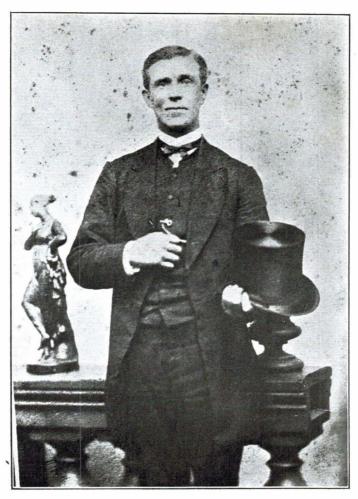
and the Poole & Hunt machine shops were the principal buildings of industry. There were two or three churches where the town-folks and also the folks from the surrounding country worshiped. These buildings were used whenever a meeting place of the town-folks was needed, as there was not yet a town hall. It was just a plain oldfashioned country village going along in its easy way, not disturbed by very much of anything. Of course the proverbial country store was there, where the high councils of the village were held, and all great matters were freely discussed and forever settled. Going to Baltimore was no small job; it was a long way; the best part of the day would be used. The old horse-car, with its jogging horses and jingling bells, had not yet made its appearance in the town. The nearest car line was the Madison avenue line. which found its terminus at Druid Hill Park there the folks would walk through the park, down through Clipper, over the Jones' Falls, up the steep hill to Hampden village.

A bit later there was a buss line started, which ran from Lexington Market to Merryman's Lane. The buss used to run every *now* and *then*, especially *then*, and many times the tired shopper would miss the buss (or the buss would miss him, it's just a little difficult to say) and then over muddy roads, up hill and down hill he would go, laden with bundles and baggage of most every kind, to his home in Hampden.

The people of the village were from the country, or, like all city folks, just country folks moved to town. But they brought with them their open-hearted simple lives; the hard evil things of the great city had not yet found root in the village, so they just worked in the mills and continued their simple life as they used to, up on the farm. There was not much in the way of amusement for the people, the long hours in the mills, from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M., made a day of hard work and not much time for play; but sometimes a Sunday-school exhibition or a minstrel show by the boys of the town or an old folks' concert would break the monotony.

A great redeeming feature of the village was the absence of the saloon. The good business sense of the leading men of affairs had been successful in getting a bill through the Legislature prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all kinds of liquors within a mile of the mills, and after fifty years the little village finds itself in the heart of a great city and yet there are still no saloons in our midst; they can come no closer than North avenue. All the liquor that is used is brought from the city in the whiskey-eaten stomachs of men or hidden away in their pockets or by the "Rum Dums" who drive the brewery wagons, and this was accomplished by a Methodist Protestant, Mr. John B. Thomas, of North Baltimore Church, who was then a member of the Maryland Legislature. What a great shame that a nation will insist on debauching its manhood by this miserable hell-borne traffic! But

this chapter would not be complete without a word about "The Clipper." This is a bit of the village in a deep valley along Jones' Falls. On one side is the Prospect Hill of Druid Hill Park with the Northern Central railroad tracks and the Jones' Falls at its base; on the other side another high hill, beyond which is the main portion of Hampden village. In the main, "The Clipper" is made of small houses built of Falls road stone. These houses are owned by the mill company and rented for a small sum to those who work in the mills. In one of these little stone houses lived John Knight, in whose heart burned a love for Jesus Christ and a yearning to see men saved. How strange to some of us, when God wishes to do a great work, He goes so often among the poor and obscure to find His man. Elijah from old Gilead, John the Baptist from the quiet of the wilderness, Jesus from the Bethlehem manger and the carpenter shop of Nazareth. From the cotton duck mills of Hampden village God raised up John Knight and those who labored with him to enter into a great work, a work that will never be measured or the importance of which will never be known until we see the face of the King whom we love and whom we serve. "It was in the year 1867 that John Knight, residing at "The Clipper," and 35 members withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal church and connected themselves with the Methodist Protestant church on Baltimore circuit. Having no place for public worship, Brother Knight (to whose fervent zeal and untiring efforts and that of the brethren and sisters associated with him we are mainly indebted under God, for the extraordinary success of this infant branch of the church) opened his dwelling as a place of worship. Here they met, formed themselves into a class and commenced their labors as Methodist Protestants. The Great Head of the church in ful-



REV. JOHN KNIGHT, In whose House the Hampden M. P. Church was born, 1867.

filment of his gracious promises met with them and owned their labors. Sinners were awakened, mourners were converted and believers were built up in their most holy faith. The house was soon crowded to excess, and many that came were unable to gain admittance. The membership rapidly increasing, it soon became a question of great interest what should be done to procure a more commodious place of worship. None could be had in the neighborhood and the members, being poor, were unable to furnish the means to build such a house as the necessities of the case required. But trusting in God and those of his children who were able to help them they went to work. Doctor Zollicoffer leased to them a lot for less than half Its value. They procured the lumber, and in about two weeks the brethren with their own hands erected a temporary tabernacle, one which they thought would be large enough. This, too, soon became crowded to excess and was incapable of accommodating more than half the people that often assembled."

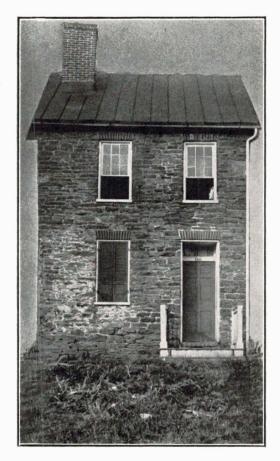
If the history of the mighty working of the Spirit of God in that tabernacle could be told it would thrill the hearts of our readers. It, indeed, became "a soul-saving station." Hundreds upon hundreds of precious souls found peace there. From that temporary board building, the people, the dear soul-hungry people, "looked unto Him and their faces were radiant." Because they were feeding upon Him who is the Bread of Life and drinking that water which was in them a well of water springing up into everlasting life. It was in this building, with its crude altar, that Brother Isaac Crowther (known and loved by so many men of the Maryland Conference) found Jesus. Brother Charlie Fisher, still a member of Hampden Church, knelt by the side of Brother Crowther at the altar in the tabernacle. He was then quite a young

man; when Brother Crowther made a move to go forward, Brother Charlie thought, "I guess I had better go, too," and he went. He listened to Brother Crowther pray, and he was saying so fervently, "Lord have mercy on my soul." Brother Charlie thought, "Well, that is a good prayer for me to pray," and he began, and today it is such a fine thing to hear him tell how Jesus spoke peace to their souls.

"How God came down
Their souls to greet
While glory crowned the mercy seat."

Night after night that old building fairly shook with the shouts of hallelujah, the songs of the happy people could be heard across the fields, and everywhere the townfolks were talking of the great times at the tabernacle. But the summer time does not last all the year, the cold winter already had its face turned toward the village and the happy people in the tabernacle began to think once again what to do. Not only was the building far too small for those who wished to get in, but its unfinished condition rendered it too uncomfortable to be occupied in cold weather; nor could it be made comfortable without considerable expense, hence the question was again forced. upon them what shall be done: "Shall we leave those who wish to worship with us to seek accommodations elsewhere, or shall we again throw ourselves upon the liberality of our friends and a generous public?"

The latter course was decided upon and they began to lay plans for a permanent building where the poor people might have the gospel preached to them.



THE HOME OF JOHN KNIGHT.

Where Hampden Methodist Protestant Church was born, 1867.

CHAPTER II.

THE HAMPDEN METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.



T would indeed take a more ready pen than that of the writer to tell the story of the beginning and the years before the finishing of this grand old church. No pen can write words that tell the heartaches, the sighs and

tears of those whose hearts yearned for a place to worship God; a place where the old story might be told in all of its simplicity, a place where sin-sick sinners might find a healing Jesus, and a balm which heals the broken hearts of men.

They had no money but they had God, and their faith in Him was strong, and they believed that He would open the way to do the thing that they believed He wanted done. Where there is a will there is a way—we are to furnish the will, God will furnish the way.

"We can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us." With these thoughts stirring their hearts and with that dauntless faith in God, they went to work to build the house for the Lord and His people. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

The following note found among the old records is interesting and tells its own story:

Brother Gaven Spence, of Newark, N. J., will pleace accept the sincere thanks of the building committee for his kind donation to the erection of our new house of worship.

The blessing of God that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow thereto, be his, and the portion of all that may follow his Christian example.

L. J. Cox, Chairman of Building Committee. There were many friends who helped them in these times, the St. John's Board of Beneficence especially. The erection of the new church was begun about the middle of September, 1868. The building is 70 feet long and 50 feet wide, and in the days in which it was built was admired for its proportions, its neatness and its convenient arrangements.

"The foundation was laid of stone and as the frame was raised they were asked why they were building a house so large for they would never get it filled. (It's the old story: my, my, how old it is; it was brought out in the days of Nehemiah, when the faithful children of God were building the city, the Samaritans only ridiculed the work and the workmen, but the man of God knew he did the work of God and they just kept on till the work was completed.) The building, when completed, will be two stories, the first floor containing vestibule, lecture room, two class-rooms and a small studio. The main room is large and will seat between five and six hundred people. The main audience room when finished will seat between 700 and 800 people. The building, when completed, will cost about \$7,000."

The corner stone was laid on Saturday, October 17, 1868, Revs. J. J. Murray, D.D., Luther J. Cox, Thomas McCormick, T. D. Valliant, Wm. S. Hammond, Henry Nice and John G. Knight officiated. The work was rapidly pushed forward and soon the workmen had it under roof, and in just a very short while the lecture room was finished and ready to use for worship.



HAMPDEN CHURCH, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER III.

THE OPENING AND DEDICATION OF HAMPDEN CHURCH.

N December 6, 1868, the new Methodist Protestant Church, on the grounds of the Hampden Association, was opened for worship. Notwithstanding the exceedingly unfavorable weather, and the snow and mud to be en-

countered, there was a very large attendance and a deep feeling of devotion in the audience seldom witnessed in modern congregations. A greater amount of zeal was never found in any people, and this was but the ordinary feeling existing during all the times since the days when they met and worshiped in the little stone house down in Clipper. It was a marvel to see such a house erected and such a large membership secured in such a brief time. On December 13, 1868, the church was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. The basement was used owing to the fact that the main audience room was not yet completed. The day was bright, though the atmosphere was cold; the house was sufficiently warm and well filled with a large, respectful and attentive audience. Rev. Augustus Webster, D.D., preached at 11 o'clock a very instructive and encouraging sermon upon the text, Romans 1:15, "I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also," after which, under the direction of the pastor, a collection was taken and a large amount subscribed to pay the debt of the church. At 3 o'clock Rev. J. Thomas Ward, President of Western Maryland College, preached an impressive sermon from the text, "Pray Always," after which he, with the pastor and others, proceeded with the dedicatory service and an offering was

received amounting to \$1,600. Rev. John G. Knight read a letter from Rev. Thomas McCormick to Luther J. Cox presenting a handsome folio Bible for the use of the church. In presenting the Bible, Brother Cox stated that the donor of the beautiful book and himself were the only two men now living of the eleven ministers expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore, for advocating lay representation; those with the twentyone laymen expelled at the same time formed the nucleus of the Methodist Protestant Church.

Up to this time our history has been only the record of triumphs and the glad shouts of the happy people. There has been but very little to tell of discouragement, but

> "In every life some rain must fall, Some days be dark and dreary."

I think a letter written to the church paper by Luther I. Cox gives the correct status of the case. "The greatest difficulty we have to encounter, except the opposition of the Prince of Darkness who sometimes shows his cloven foot, is the want of means to pay off our debt upon the church. Our congregation is poor, composed principally of operators in the factories surrounding us; they can give but little out of their scanty wages, and that by small amounts monthly; we are constrained to look to our friends for help. There is not perhaps within the bounds of the Maryland district a more needy congregation and a place where bounty bestowed is likely to do more good. Who will come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and by securing this greatly needed house of worship to His poor children, be instrumental in winning souls to Christ and thereby add many stars to the crown of their rejoicing? Help us brethern; the time for our doing good is short."

A little note from Dr. S. B. Southerland, President of the Maryland Conference, in his report of Hampden charge, gives a little more light on this period. "Alas, there is more debt upon their house than they have ability to liquidate, besides there is the main room of the church vet unfinished. When will that be done? With such prospects for usefulness as are before us at Hampden, may we not comfort ourselves by the thought that the 'Lord will provide?' The Lord will provide; this is the faith and spirit in which the good people and the earnest pastors labored on for years until the clouds broke away and the blessed sunshine of happier days broke upon them. The days of their suffering and heartache were many, but the dear Lord never had a more true and loval people in all the world than those who bore the burden and heat of those days, when the love of Christ constrained them to suffer for His Dear Son. They knew whom they had believed and felt confident, even though the day was dark and the burdens heavy, they seemed to hear His voice saying:

If o'er thy way dark clouds are cast, Look up with faith till they are past: The sun will surely shine at last, In God's own time! In God's own time!

If through the glass thou can'st not see, And wonder why some things must be. Yet thou shalt know each mystery In God's own time! In God's own time!

Look up with joy, nor longer weep, Thy God will every promise keep, And thou wilt yet the harvest reap In God's own time! In God's own time!

And would'st thou be forever blest? Just trust in God and do thy best; Then thou shalt enter unto rest. In God's own time! In God's own time!

CHAPTER IV.

THE HAMPDEN CAMP MEETING, AUGUST 21, 1869.

T is quite hard for us who live today in a great city to think that on the busy corner of 36th street and Chestnut avenue, where the cars go and the automobiles swing by, that only a little while ago that spot was three miles

beyond the city line and only a house here and there and a large woods on the side of a high hill, yet this is the truth; this is the place where the old folks met and sung and prayed and preached. A letter from the editor of the Methodist Protestant gives us some interesting information. "To those who do not know the locality of the camp meeting it may be well to say it is about three miles from the city by the windings of the road or about one and a half miles by a bee line. The nearest railroad station is Woodberry, on the Northern Central. It is quite a long walk from the railroad to the camp. This camp is held under the management of the official board of Baltimore circuit. The camp is neatly arranged and orderly in every way. The congregations during the camps there were large, and on the Sabbath day they were immense. It was estimated that not a third of the people present on some Sundays could hear the preaching." An account of the camp is taken from the church paper: "The religious exercises were kept up from early morning until late at night, and on the last night singing and praying continued without interruption until the breaking of the day. Rev. Luther J. Cox lead the experience meeting of Sunday morning with all the fire of former years and thrilled the congregation with the history of his conversion at a camp meeting sixty years before. It is thought by some that about one hundred persons made a profession of religion at this meeting. We congratulate the authorities upon the successful efforts to suppress the traffic on the Sabbath day. At this camp there were about forty-five tents and when the trumpet was blown we did not have to plead with the people to take their seats. An introductory hymn was sung and the work was accomplished. More orderly and attentive congregations I have never seen. Our ministerial brethern came in the spirit of laboring for God and the salvation of souls. I have attended many camp meetings and I have never known their efforts excelled."

Rev. L. W. Bates gives this notice of the camp of 1876: "The camp was well managed and the congregations at night were overwhelming; no greater appreciation of preaching could be manifested. The preaching was real gospel preaching. One young brother had the trembles pretty bad, but he preached a good sermon nevertheless."

The expenses were heavy but the abundant liberality of a generous and appreciative people met all the demands. There are those who still linger on this side of the river, who go and stand on the "Busy Corner," where the throngs go by, but somehow they do not see the crowds, nor hear the rumble of the traffic. They see another scene—the old trees, the green hillside, the old tabernacle covered over with green branches; they hear the old songs, they hear the old-time voices long since gone beyond. What do they sing? Listen and you will hear—

"Oh, the fountain lies open, Sinner you may bathe your weary soul." They sigh as they look far ahead and see the mystic river, and if you listen quietly you hear them say:

When I remember all the friends So linked together I've seen around me fall, Like leaves in wintry weather, I feel like one who treads alone Some banquet hall deserted—Whose lights are fled, Whose garlands dead, And all but he departed. Thus:
Fond memory brings the light Of other days around me.

What a host stand there today beyong the mystic river, their garments made white in the redeeming blood, only waiting till the earthly mists have lifted and the others come. Shall we not work and watch and pray as they did? And in the morning the glory of the Lord will be seen and "those happy faces smile which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

Just a few days ago as the writer looked into the face of one of the saints of the cross he told me again of one of the old hymns which was often sung in the camp meeting, and also was the first hymn that was sung in Hampden Church, which was dear to him. Only yesterday we laid him to rest, awaiting the voice of the Master, and today we sit and sing quietly again as he did many times.

Though the mists hang o'er the river, and its billows loudly roar, Yet we hear the song of angels wafted from the other shore.

And the bright celestial city, we have caught such radiant gleams, Of its towers like dazzling sunlight, with its sweet and peaceful streams. He has called for many a loved one, we have seen them leave our side,

With our Saviour we shall meet them, when we, too, have crossed the tide.

When we've passed the vale of shadows, with its dark and chilling tide,

In that bright and glorious city we shall evermore abide.

We are waiting by the river, we are watching on the shore, Only waiting for the angels, soon they'll come to bear us o'er.

CHAPTER V.

HAMPDEN CHURCH A CHURCH OF CONSTANT REVIVAL.



F there is one thing above another that spells progress in a church, that thing is evangelism—a yearning, burning desire to see men saved. The only business that Jesus had in this world is told by St. Luke, "For the

Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost." Iesus had no other business and he desired none. The first recorded words of Jesus were, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" and His last triumphant words on the cross were, "It is finished." Shall the Christian have any business other than that of the Christ? Shall the church, the forces of Christ in the world, have any goal other than that which was always before the Son of God? Soul-saving can never be a side issue with the church that follows Jesus. It can never be an appendix, it must be the supreme business always. when Jesus is lifted up and the gospel of the saving blood is preached that church must succeed. Jesus will honor such messages and bless that church. Hampden Church has been called often, "The Church of Constant Revival." What a blessed title—Constant Revival—constantly at work, helping to carry out the yearning of the burning heart of Jesus. Hampden Church was born in a revival. Thousands have been converted at her altar. Those who have found Jesus there are in many communions, in many states and cities, and still the glorious work goes on. It is interesting to read the accounts of the men of God who wrote of this saving work of grace. In the church paper

this statement occurs frequently: "The great revival at Hampden still continues." We are giving below a few of these notices:

1867—The great head of the church met with them and owned their labors. Sinners were awakened, mourners were converted.

1868—Our meeting at Hampden is increasing in interest. It has been in progress eight weeks. Many have professed religion and 71 have united with the church.

1869—The revival at our infant church at Hampden is still in progress and has been going on for more than a year with scarcely any intermission.

1873—Altar crowded nightly—one hundred added to the church.

1874—Great meeting—fifteen at the altar.

1875—After seventeen weeks of meeting one hundred and fifteen joined the church.

1879—One hundred and sixteen converted at the meeting.

1882—One hundred and fifteen conversions.

Dr. Kilgore reports three hundred and fifteen conversions. The present pastor reports for the past four years one thousand conversions. These are only a few figures taken from the Maryland Conference minutes to give our readers some idea of the great zeal the church has always had for the saving of precious souls. What a blessed thing in the life of any church. May we not again most fervently pray:

Oh! for a flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old,
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

That spirit who from age to age
Proclaimed thy love and taught thy ways
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page
And breathed in David's hallowed lays.

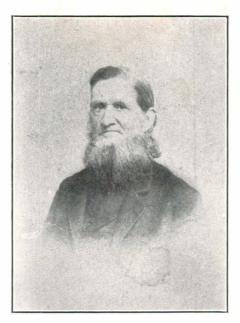
Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power,
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

Remember, Lord, the ancient days— Renew thy work, thy grace restore; And while to thee our hearts we raise, On us thy holy spirit pour.

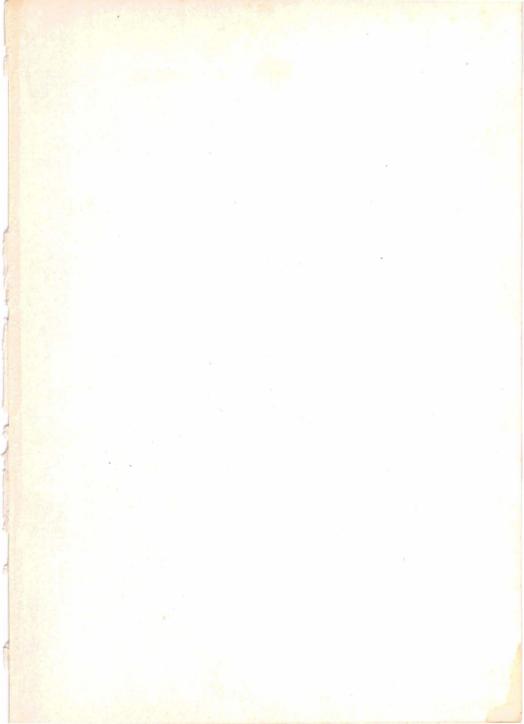
Send the old-time fire upon us, Lord, And burn up all the dross.

May it fall afresh upon us all, and may this grand old church, whose history stirs our hearts today, never lose its love for precious souls, and may the fire never go out on its altar. When Dr. Southerland, President of the Maryland Conference, visited the Hampden Church he wrote to the church paper his impression of the work of the church.

"A lively church is Hampden, rather more demonstrative in their religious exercises than is very often met with. But I do not object to old-fashioned Methodist Protestant spunk, as that calmest of Christian worshipers, our ascended Dr. Francis Waters once designated it. A little excess of noise is far preferable to the quiet formalism and death-like stillness which under all circumstances pervade some assemblages of professing Christians. Not an amen, not a tear, not a quiver of a lip, nothing in the way of sensibility, amid the exciting topics and thrilling influences of the sanctuary. Is this natural, scriptural and right? I would not have a religion of mere feeling, certainly not, but neither could I prize a religion which in its best experience opens no fountain of tenderness in the human breast."



REV. LUTHER J. COX.



CHAPTER VI.

REV. LUTHER J. Cox.

T

O this saint of God, Hampden Church owes more unto God than any other man. His labors among the people were numberless; he was made chairman of the building committee of Hampden M. P. Church. Always

ready to be used for his church, this was his thought by day and his dream by night. In the old files of the church paper can be found almost weekly appeals for the church which he loved so tenderly and the fervor of those appeals showed how devoutly he was interested in its work and its people. It is from the writings of this good man that the historian is able to glean many of the most important facts about the church and the people of Hampden. We are more than fortunate to have an interesting account of the last days and maybe the last hours of this saint of God. The account is from the eloquent pen of Beale H. Richardson, who was intimately associated with Brother Cox and was a frequent visitor at the Dellwood cottage.

"The fathers are departing, but few of them remain; a few years longer and the last of the honored men, to whom under God we owe our ecclesiastical existence, will have gone home. Green be the memory of those who have gone, peaceful be the remaining days of those who linger, and when they too depart may their exit be glorious. It was our privilege to see Brother Cox during his last illness and hear from his own lips expressions of Christian resignation and a hope of full immortality. One of these occasions was a Sabbath afternoon. His family and a

number of friends of Hampden Church, for which he had labored with so much zeal and success, had assembled in his chamber to engage in the service of prayer and praise, ending with the administration of the Lord's Supper. was a time of great interest. There lay the man of nearly four score years, sixty of which had been spent in the service of the Redeemer, a preacher of the gospel for nearly or quite a half century, bearing testimony with failing strength, but with a vigorous faith, to the value of religion which he had been so long recommending to his fellow men. Around him were his wife, children, family connections and associates in the church; and on the table, bearing emblems of the body that was broken and the blood that was shed. Prayer was duly offered, confession made, the impressive words of scripture pronounced, the invitation given and then one after another with humble and grateful hearts did eat and drink in obedience to Him who said, "Do this in remembrance of Me." After the service had been duly concluded Brother Cox rose in his bed and addressed his family and friends. "For sixty years," he said, 'I have been living for this,' and then he proceeded to state in clear and forcible terms his high appreciation of the religion of Jesus, the support that it afforded him in trials, the solace in trouble and the cheering prospect it afforded him as he drew near to the end of his pilgrimage. No one could doubt, who looked upon his tranguil countenance, or listened to the earnest loving words which he addressed to his family, as he exhorted them to follow Christ faithfully, that the truth which he proclaimed so long was his support in death. We left that chamber where the good man met his fate, meditating upon the supreme importance of a life devoted to God. "Let me live the life of the righteous and let my last end

be like his." Let it be said that Luther J. Cox tried to measure up to the standard of his duty; he tried to walk in the footsteps of his Master and like Him to go about doing good.

"Lives of good men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

There were many sad hearts in Hampden Church when it became known that Luther Cox had passed away. The faithful men and women who had labored with him during those years of struggle wanted to pay some tribute of loving affection to the dear prophet of God, but what could they do? A great and costly monument they could not build, for they were poor. In a distant city stands a great cathedral: how beautiful it was: there were in it monuments and costly tablets to the many famous men who had helped by tool or brush to make it possible. A distinguished visitor said to the old sexton, "You have here such costly and beautiful monuments and tablets to the memory of so many of the workmen, but where is the monument to the great Master Builder, the mind that conceived all this magnificence; I should like to see his monument." The old sexton replied: "If you would see his monument, look around you." The great cathedral in its entirety was his monument. Yes, the old shingled church on the road where thousands have plunged in the crimson flood and been made pure—this is Luther Cox's memorial, this is his monument. And so on the cornerstone of the building which his faithfulness made possible are two simple words. These two little words, put there by the people of Hampden Church, tell the story of loving affection which can never die:

"Cox's Chapel."

It is interesting to give here two poems; one is taken from the Church Hymnal and the other was written on the fly leaf of the family Bible a few weeks prior to his death, June 1870:

"THE PRECIOUS BOOK."

(From the fly leaf of the Bible.)

O, precious book! Oh, book divine!
When shall these roving thoughts of mine
Be all engrossed by thee?
When shall I love thee as I ought,
Treasures of wealth so little sought
By all—alas! by me.

May thy blessed word my footsteps guide, Light up my path what'er betide— Life's troubled journey o'er, The clouds and lowering tempests past, Heaven's sheltered home attained at last I'll rest forever more.

There toils and pains and wants and woes,
The scoffs of men and frowns of foes,
Shall never, never come.
But endless peace and joy divine
Shall crown this ransomed soul of mine
In that eternal home.

"SWEET HOME."

(From the Church Hymnal.)

An alien from God and a stranger to grace, I wandered through earth its gay pleasures to trace; In the pathway of sin I continued to roam, Unmindful, alas, that it led me from home.

The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away, They bloom for a season, but soon they decay; But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given, Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms, The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms; At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room, Oh, there may I feast with his children at home.

Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu, While Jesus and heaven and glory I view; I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne, The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

The days of my exile are passing away, The time is approaching when Jesus will say: "Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne, And dwell in my presence forever at home."

Afflictions and sorrow and death shall be o'er, The saints shall unite, to be parted no more; There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome, They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

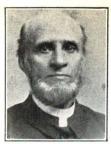
CHAPTER VII.

THE PROPHETS.

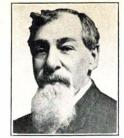
T stirs one's heart to read the record of the men of God who preached the precious gospel to our people; a gospel that was indeed blessed of God. How dear this honor roll is held by the people who learned to love

God through the preaching of the Word. Every name in that roll is loved and honored; they fought a good fight—they won the battles—they endured many things for His sake. We of today, who enjoy the work and the glorious prosperity which has come to us, cannot appreciate the hard roads they traveled, the burdens they bore and the tears they shed. We who murmur about trifles, would gain a great inspiration if we would read how they suffered, how they endured deprivations, how they worked with rude instruments and yet how joyously they "stayed by the stuff," counting it all joy to suffer with the people of God rather than the pleasures of sin for a season.

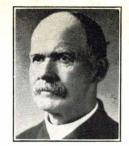
By far the larger number sit under the branches of the tree of life which grows in the midst of the paradise of God. But how precious is their memory. A few yet linger this side the river who remember the fervent preachers of righteousness, and how tender is that memory? How they love to speak of the tender ministries in days of trouble, in times of sickness and in hours of death. It would be a pleasant task to write fully on the labors of these men of God, but such a record would of itself be greater than all our little book, so we must be satisfied with just touching a point here and there.



E. R. McGREGOR 1876



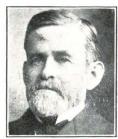
F. T. TAGG, DD. 1877



S. B. TREDWAY, DD. 1878



C. B. MIDDLETON 1879-1880



A. D. MELVIN, DD. 1881-1883



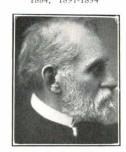
J. W. GRAY 1884, 1891-1894



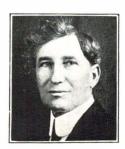
T. L. KILGORE, DD. 1885-1887



J. L. STRAUGHN 1888-1890



J. B. JONES 1895-1896



N. O. GIBSON Assistant, 1896



W. J. NEEPIER 1897-1903



C. P. NOWLIN, 1912-1913

THE EX-PASTORS WHO HAVE SERVED HAMPDEN M, P. CHURCH.

D. W. Ainstine, 1904-11 and W. H. Lane, 1873-74 could not be secured.

The darkest days that the church has been called to go through were during the pastorate of Rev. C. B. Middleton, a frail little man with a heart stirred by the love of Christ, and how he stirred the hearts of the people to love Christ! Year after year people were gathered in during great revivals while his strength was hardly equal to the tremendous draughts upon it, but God remembered His prophet and gave him strength for the way.

The hardest part of the work was the financial side. Heavy claims against the church were being pushed; they had to be met and settled, but *how!* These things cannot be written, the words will not come; they can only be spoken in heart language and every word is alive with red blood. There is no record of the sleepless nights, the agony of Gethsemane, into which this dear man of God went with his people.

The pastor went from place to place preaching, lecturing and soliciting funds for the house of God; his dear companion meanwhile stood loyally by his side cheering him and helping him carry the burdens, which were heavy and which threatened to crush them to the ground.

And the people! How splendidly they stood by. How our hearts burn as we think of those days; it must be from those heroes of the hallowed cross that Hampden Church today has its sweet spirit of self-sacrifice and heroic devotion; the mantle of those fervent Christians of other days must have fallen upon those who still remain.

Yes, the people stood by and worked. Our hearts have often been stirred as we have listened to the story of the loyalty of Brother Sullivan, who, in the desperate straits of the church's need, when only heroic sacrifices counted, sold his cow (for he had already given all he had) and brought the price and laid it *all* at the feet of

the prophet of God. Another, whose name is not known to the writer, enjoyed the privilege of doing without an overcoat that the church might be free. These are only a few of the many heroic deeds that were done for the Kingdom's sake. But then what?

They reached the happy goal; the debt was paid, and

the church stood out with a splendid chance.

We are here giving Brother Middleton's letter to the church paper, containing the events of the memorable day when the old church came to its freedom:

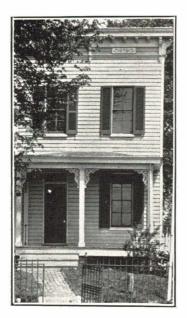
"This year has been a memorable one in the history of Hampden Church after its many years of bondage. Its debt of \$5,000 has been paid, and its deed of manumission secured.

"On our opening day, as our venerable and beloved Brother McCormick has stated, there were delightful services. The sermon at 11 o'clock was preached by Dr. Kilgore with his characteristic force and found a happy response in the tear-bedewed faces of his rejoicing congregation. Rev. J. B. Stitt, of the M. E. Church, and one of the former and most popular pastors of Woodberry, preached an eloquent sermon at 3 o'clock. At night Dr. J. T. Ward tenderly and lovingly preached to us about the 'old, old story yet ever precious and new.'

"The singing was delightful; some of our best old favorite gospel hymns were sung to the stirring tunes which set some of our good Christian brothers almost shouting-happy as they retired from the house, with the music still ringing in their souls and flowing over as they

passed down the aisles to the street door.

"On Christmas night, after the children had their treat, the church presented us with a handsome porcelain dinner set and a pair of seaside rocking chairs. Brother Green made the happy speech of the occasion, in the course of



THE OLD PARSONAGE Built by A. D. Melvin.

which he presented us with a check for fifty dollars to fill, as he expressed it, the dishes.

"And so another year of hard toil and great anxiety has passed away with its failures and successes. Indeed, in the seven months of grace allowed us in which to secure the money to pay the debt my anxiety of mind has been of such a character that none but those who have been through such an experience can properly appreciate it.

"But now that the church has been paid for, and the four hundred dollars' worth of improvements placed in it this year has made it one of the most comfortably furnished churches of the community.

"I think I can intelligently say that with proper nurturing it may be made one of the best and most flourishing appointments of the Conference."

January 15, 1881.

Rev. A. D. Melvin took up the work of Hampden after Brother Middleton. His pastorate was abundant in

labors, almost a continuous revival, when hundreds of people were saved and hundreds not able to get into the

building.

This was another year which stands out in the history of the church. It was during this year (1882) that the first Hampden parsonage was built, the total cost of which was \$1,354.00. The house was a frame building, neatly and substantially built, of two stories, 16x46 feet. They were not able to pay all at the time of building, but seven hundred dollars was left as a debt to be paid later.

The splendid work of A. D. Melvin was referred to by Brother J. W. Gray: "Brother Melvin did well to build this parsonage and his earnest work for the church is

highly spoken of by the people of the community."

Rev. J. W. Gray—Dear Brother Gray, one of the four pastors who still remains with us, growing old but growing sweeter in spirit and lovely in character, beloved of all who know him. It was through his efforts some years later than the present writing that Evergreen Church was organized and the work started, and all who know the church and its great opportunity can appreciate the wisdom which he displayed in giving his strength to the enterprise.

In Brother Gray's second pastorate the Christian Endeavor Society of Hampden Church was organized. Brother Daniel Ryan was elected president and Miss Rachael Parish secretary. During this time the church began some definite missionary work in helping to educate a Japanese girl. The addition to the parsonage was built during this year, also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the church was held.

During Dr. Kilgore's pastorate occurred the revival that the people still talk about. Men here and there will say: "I was converted during the meeting held by Dr. Kilgore."

Many of the most prominent men and women in our section were brought to Christ by this earnest man of God. Mr. Lawrence Foster (the general superintendent of the great cotton duck mills, and whose position calls him to visit the great cities from Boston to Atlanta), this man of God was brought to Christ during this great meeting, and, though a busy man, finds time to be the efficient superintendent of our flourishing Sunday-school.

This meeting is best described by Dr. Kilgore himself in an article to the church paper:

"The Lord of Hosts is with us; God hath visited His people. We are now in the midst of a gracious and wide-spread revival."



REV. L. F. WARNER,
President of the Maryland Annual Conference, Methodist
Protestant Church.

Sunday night there were thirty at the altar.

August 29, 1887—Revivals still continue. We have held revival services every Sunday afternoon and Wednesday night since Conference. Dr. Kilgore reported in the conference minutes for that year three hundred and fifteen conversions. What a record and what a grand array of precious souls for the Kingdom. This work of Dr. Kilgore's will never be measured until the glad morning dawns and the Master comes back for His own.

Rev. J. L. Straughn—How the writer's heart warms as he writes this name of this saint of God, this hero of the cross; how the record of years of suffering pass before him. The room where this man of Jesus Christ met his fate is vibrant with praise and devotion. He has gone to his reward, purified through suffering, and now rests in the presence of the most glorious Lord. But fragrant is his memory among us and some day we shall see him again.

Dr. J. L. Kilgore's article to the church paper gives us valuable information about his work and the improvement of Hampden Church:

"I had heard of the great transformation of the building, but was not prepared to appreciate the change wrought. I found myself adopting the language of the Queen of Sheba—'the half was not told me.' Hampden Church was before me, a marvel of beauty. The exterior of the building is handsomely painted, gothic windows graced with stained glass, this one item costing three hundred dollars, a handsome new front door with porch and projecting roof of superb design, covering a frosted transom with 'Hampden M. P. Church' meeting the gaze of ingoing worshipers and the stranger passing by. The whole building has been roofed and spouted and a first-class church provided. The main auditorium reserves the

praise of the lover of the beautiful. The whole room with walls and ceiling most tastefully frescoed, the pulpit furnished according to the most cultivated modern taste, and the railed and artistically adorned organ and choir elevation with stained glass windows, makes Hampden Church a beautiful rival of her sister churches. How was this wonderful transformation wrought?

"The most modest pastor told me of the noble cooperation of the membership, the admirable part contributed by the labors and enterprises of the young men and Miss Jane Badders and her Sunday-school class. Too much credit could not be given the indefatigable pastor, Rev. J. L. Straughn. The work he has done is simply wonderful, and shows how great is his love for the grand old church and his devotion to his ministry, to which he has consecrated his life, and reveals the cost he has paid in untiring labors and self-sacrifice.

"No wonder he is loved and esteemed highly by his charge and may we not pray that he may find in a measure, at least, his reward in the continued love of his people, in the salvation of hundreds of precious souls and in seeing Hampden Church attain a position of influence second to

none in the district.

"God bless with continued but ever increasing prosperity Hampden M. P. Church and her deservedly popular pastor."

Another improvement is recorded some time later by Brother Straughn: "Sunday-school room repaired at a cost of \$600. This includes new class rooms and a study, parsonage cellar cemented, front of property graded and inclosed with an iron fence, all paid for or nearly so." This is a fair sample of the work done by this man of God throughout all that tireless ministry until sickness compelled him to retire from the battle front. The years of

suffering which came to this man can never be written. No one but God could know the depths of the shadow through which he passed, and yet if ever there was a saint of God who knew the blessed fellowship of Christ and the glory of His saving blood, that man was J. L. Straughn. That room where the good man spent his last days was radiant with the hallowed Presence. He never lost his interest in the church and the men of his conference; keen always to the things they were doing, and sending helpful words to those who were still at the battle's front striving to win. An article sent to the church paper by this good man will reveal the spirit that was in him. We are also including the answer to the article by the writer, who counts himself for many years a friend:

THE PROPHET'S REST.

The Rev. Edward D. Stone's work in his pastorate at Hampden is such a decided success that it seems to call for more than a passing notice. He has been successful in every charge he has served so far as my knowledge goes. Both his preaching and his singing attracts wide attention. The people at Hampden were wonderfully enthused by his appointment, and rallied to him almost to a man, His first big hit was the organization of a Bible class, which now numbers over 600 members and which he teaches himself. It has been built up not by frills and false attractions, but by his honest efforts. They have rallied to him with such loyalty that he can undertake almost anything he pleases and they will see him through. The first big enterprise they undertook was the erection of a new and modern parsonage in all its appointments, which has been named "The Prophet's Rest." It now stands as one of the elegant and imposing homes of our preachers. One of their members, Brother Daniel A. Ryan, a good and true man, has written a poem describing the house and the purpose for which it was built. It is a literary production of no small merit.

Brother Stone, with all his other good qualities, is a fine singer. It is a real spiritual feast to hear him sing, "When Our Ships Come Sailing In." Some years ago the writer was thrown with him in dedication of a church in Delaware. At that time his mother was

living, and a more delightful lady I have never known. Anything to make her son a success in his work was freely done. There was an old physician living in the neighborhood whose life had been such as to forfeit the respect of the community. At one of Brother Stone's meetings his mother took a great deal of interest in this old physician. She waited upon him and wept over him. After awhile he took to coming to the church; then it was Sister Stone won her signal triumph. She went to him and caught his hand and led him to the altar. He professed religion and united with the church. At the dedication where I met him he had brought out his wife and children and he told me that he gave away all the money he had and that it was the happiest day of his life. Having known the doctor since I was a little child. I felt the deepest interest in him. Since the ships have bourne the spirits of both Mrs. Stone and the doctor across the seas, I look forward with increasing interest when I shall see them again. Brother Stone in one way and another has many souls for his hire, and in no place has he been more successful than at Hampden.

May his rest in the Prophet's House, as well as in anticipation of the rest that remains to the people of God become sweeter to him as the years go by.

The writer was once pastor of this church, and many were the triumphs of redeeming grace under his pastorate. Recently some of its very best men have departed for the heavenly world. Brothers Van Horn, Crowther, Allison and Burgee are noticeably among them. They have fought the good fight and finished their course.

J. L. STRAUGHN.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

My heart was strangely warmed as I read the tender words of cheer from my friend and brother, Rev. J. L. Straughn, in his article, entitled "The Prophet's Rest." I could not help asking myself the question, If I were shut in from the busy world during long, weary years of suffering, would I be casting sunshine into the lives of the men who are in the thick of the fight or would I be so engrossed with my own suffering that I would not be thinking about others? We read a good deal in books about God's heroes, who suffer and rejoice, looking forward to the blessed day of deliverance, but here is a hero among us, a prophet of God whose life was full of blessed service to the Master, and although shut in from the

busy world, his heart still throbs with the old-time fire and his spirit has lost none of his brightness. There is no name among us which is more dear to us than J. L. Straughn. Go on, dear prophet of God, the glow of heaven's mellow eventide like a crown of glory is resting upon your brow; it has been a long journey and the burdens have been heavy, yet notwithstanding all, a joyous journey. Your sweet words of cheer come like balm for the hearts now in the battle. May your happy spirit still talk to the Lord of Glory that Grace may be given us that we may be as faithful as you have been, and some day, when the work is done, you and the old doctor and mother, and all your dear ones and mine shall sit down upon the sunlit banks of God, and we'll talk it all over and watch other "ships come sailing in." 'Till then we'll work and wait.

Yours in the love of the Lord Jesus,

E. D. STONE.

Since these articles were written the old ship of Zion has borne his happy spirit to the land where the "inhabitants shall never say they are sick."

During the pastorate of Rev. William J. Neepier many things were brought to pass in the old church.

Brother Neepier broke all previous records for length of the pastorate at Hampden Church. He remained with the church seven years. Brother D. W. Anstine also remained seven years. These two men are dearly loved by hundreds of people among us. Brother Neepier's family still are among our choice people and are regular in their attendance upon the services of the church.

It was during Brother Neepier's pastorate that the church was again carried through a great course of improvements to the amount of \$4,000. The entire auditorium was modernized. Metal put on the walls and ceiling, the first carpet was put down, new pews were placed instead of the old straight-back benches and many other affairs that kept the church modern and useful. During Brother Anstine's pastorate the old church was given a new dress. It was shingled all over. This gave the

building a rather neat appearance and now in these days we are in the height of fashion. The new pipe organ was put in and has been doing good service all these years. Rev. C. P. Nowlin followed Brother Anstine, and with his clear business judgment helped the church in many ways.

All of the prophets served well. They all fought a good fight; they all kept the faith; they are all, without exception, loved and honored, and the old church looks back over the roll of honor with an affection that is beautiful. The one thing the writer has noticed is that every man who has served this grand old church is spoken of in the highest terms. And the new pastor will always find that the church that only has words of love for the old one will also have words of love for the new one.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAMPDEN CHURCH BRANCHES OUT.

EMINGTON MISSION, better known as Keen Memorial Methodist Protestant Church, was organized under the pastorate of Dr. J. L. Kilgore in 1888. The account of that interesting church is given under date of March 9th, 1888, by the pastor, Dr. Kilgore. "Nearly three months ago the idea was conceived by two or three brethren, one of whom resided in the locality, that an opening existed in Remington Place, near the city boundary, for the establishment of a mission at that place. A canvass was made and, upon favorable report, presented to the Quarterly Conference of Hampden M. P. Church, that body appointed a committee to superintend the establishment of such a mission. This committee consisted of Joshua Barton, Clarence Cullum, Horace Burgee and George W. Pyle. The committee was afterward enlarged by the addition of Daniel A. Rvan, John W. Bennett, George W. Smith and Sisters Jane Badders and Cora Keys, and have gone to work in good earnest, with the following results:

"A Sunday-school has been organized, a weekly prayer meeting has been instituted, which is well attended, and a preaching service at 4 P. M. on Sundays.

"The services are being held in the house of Brother Joshua Barton, who is superintendent of the Sundayschool.

"As no room sufficiently large could be obtained, the committee went vigorously to work to procure a lot upon which to build a chapel. They secured one at the corner

of Remington avenue and Williams street, and on Saturday, March 3, 1888, ground was broken, an address was delivered by the pastor and religious services observed, and workmen are now engaged in the erection of the

chapel.

"The lot is 50x70 feet; the chapel 24x40 feet. The foundation pillars are already laid and the joists for the floor in place. The committee is enthused and is energetically at work. Brother Clarence Cullum is the solicitor of funds and general supervisor. He reports the prospect all encouraging and has great faith in permanent success.

"By the time our Conference meets we will be able to report more definitely the particulars of the new mission enterprise.

"March o, 1888."

"J. L. KILGORE, "Hampden M. P. Church.

A letter written to the church paper a little later gives us further information concerning Remington Mission:

"The Remington Mission is under the care of Hamp-den. The chapel was erected early in the year and paid for. Several members of the mother church are very active and feel that their labors have been a blessing to them as well as to the community in which their efforts have been expended.

"W. S. HAMMOND, President."

Rev. J. W. Gray sent the following note to the Methodist Protestant, March 16, 1892:

"We shall ask Conference to make Remington a separate charge. If the Conference will comply with our request it will enable Hampden to branch out in another direction. This is a progressive church.

"J. W. GRAY.

[&]quot;March 16, 1892."

Rev. J. L. Straughn gives us a very interesting date in the history of the mission:

"Sunday, November 2, 1890, Remington was reopened; Rev. D. L. Greenfield preached; membership thirty-five; Sunday-school one hundred and twenty-five.

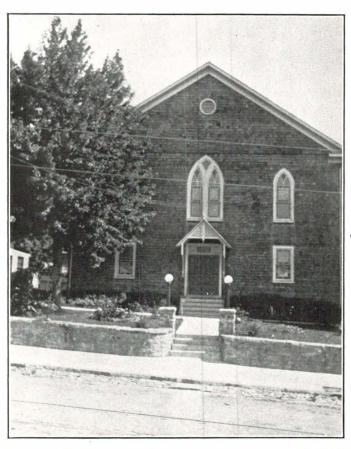
"REV. J. L. STRAUGHN.

Another new church was organized February 3, 1895, under Brother J. W. Gray. It is located in what is now the Roland Park District. The name of the church is "Evergreen." It has a bright future. There is still another church—it is too young to have a name. We have not gotten that far yet. It is located on the Falls Road near the city line. Dr. J. M. Sheridan once said that the pastor of Hampden Church was the one who initiated the enterprise, but it remains still to be said that the Superintendent of the Church Extension Society of Baltimore City has put a great deal of faith and prayer and work into this infant church and we believe it must succeed. Everything about this community seems to be Too much praise cannot be given Brothers B. F. hopeful. Kerr and J. Edward Rice, both of Hampden Church, for the splendid work which they are doing in this direction. We are hoping in a few weeks to see a neat stone chapel erected on that site. Hampden Church will stand back of this new enterprise with a generous faith and courage and work. The new church is to be located in a section which in a few years will be crowded with people. This is the sort of work that the Church Extension Society ought to do and the kind that will count.

CHAPTER IX.

Now-A-DAYS.

HE writer is keenly sensible that the task which lies before him in the following chapters is, by no means, an easy one, for if he relates the events as they really occurred in which of necessity he played a part, some one will say, "Ah! an old-time Pharisee is among us," and if he does not, then they will say, "His record is not true." So what shall he do? Well, truth is greater than anything which men can say about it. So, without any apology, the great story of the past four years and a-half shall be told, not thinking of "what will men say," but with a fervent prayer to God that He will still carry on the work and continue His marvelous manifestations of grace among us. Five years ago Hampden M. P. Church was hardly known except in the Maryland Conference and among its friends in Baltimore City, but today it is known almost the world over. Articles have appeared in London papers and journals published on the continent, and many cities of our own country have secured "write-ups" and published them about the church and its work. Inquiries have come from South America, Panama, and numerous letters from the far west and north. pastor of this church has been far and wide making addresses about this work, and at this writing has a full calendar to tell again and again the story which has grown so dear to his heart. And what is it that has brought this marvelous change-from an obscure church "located somewhere in Maryland" to a church which has a great work known the world over?



THE HAMPDEN M. P. CHURCH, AS IT NOW APPEARS.

That is not hard to answer. And this is the story we wish to tell. Around the facts of this story is found a reason for this great change in the tide of affairs as they affect Hampden Church. Our first close touch with the work was in 1913—remember the date, 1913—unlucky, so they say, but this was the year when this saying was revised; thirteen forever after must be *lucky!*

The church has passed through many discouraging events and was told by prominent officials that "Hampden Church had about outlived its usefulness," and the only thing left to do was to sell out, move away and start new at some other site. This only proves how little men know of the working of the Almighty.

The heart of the new pastor was "down in his heels" when he saw the field and heard the discouraging things about its supposed future. Sabbath morning dawned, the congregation gathered to look the new preacher over, and (on the quiet) the new preacher was doing some looking, too. "God's unseen forces" was the preacher's theme; he never preached with more ease in all his life. It was not long before the fire began to burn in the hearts of the people, and in the preacher's heart there was real joy. When that service was over the preacher felt that he had found the right place. The people in the community began to come to church in great numbers, until the old building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and then he met dear old Thomas. You don't know him! I thought everybody knew him. Well, he wears blue glasses, big blue glasses, and "says he to me," "It won't last, 'cause they have been here before, and six months will about wind it up." Somehow we thought old Doubting Thomas was wrong, and we felt that God was going to do a great work among us. Anyway, the preacher and his faithful people went in for all they were worth, and God blessed their efforts.

We made Evangelism the keynote of all the labors of the church. We must win the people; this was the determination, and for this we prayed. Before the revival meeting the church spent a week on its knees in prayer to God for precious souls-morning, noon and night we prayed. And ere long the break came; a perfect wave of saving grace swept over the church and community, and people were saved by the hundred. We shall never forget the thrilling scenes which took place in that church; the revival was manifest in every part of the church's life. In the men's class scores came forward and gave themselves to Christ. The same thing transpired in the women's class; religion began to be the topic on the streets; it was easy to talk to people about Christ. The church was crowded to its utmost, services often beginning a half hour before schedule time. This meeting ran up to Christmas, and we closed the meeting till after the holidays, and then we began again and many more found Christ. All during that year the revival spirit rested upon our people. During August there were fifteen one Sabbath morning at the altar. Many thought it was indeed a strange thing for summer time, but we thought it was a blessed thing. This state of affairs continued throughout the year, and the total was 236 souls. The next year, 1915, was a repetition of the work of grace and 200 more were added. Nineteen hundred and sixteen was the banner year. There were 383 conversions at the altar, besides the great number that came in during the Sunday campaign.

The state of the

The high-water mark in the meeting was reached on Sabbath morning when, in the men's class, fifty men vol-



MRS. ROBUST,
Organist of Hampden Church for
44 Years and Still Serving
Regularly.

unteered to the altar and consecrated themselves to God. The meeting was so intense that the class could not be dimissed, and in consequence there was no II o'clock service.

The evening service brought out thirty-five more to the altar and they found peace in Christ.

The total for the day was eighty-five, Sixty-five were received into the church during the day. During 1917 the sweet spirit of grace still lingered with us, and 155 more were brought into the kingdom. There have been more people professing faith in Christ in these four years and a-half than in the twenty preceding years. This is told not because there is any glory due us, but as a cause of great rejoicing that in these latter days we have His promise fulfilled. "I will pour out My spirit upon you, saith the Lord," and God is getting unto Himself a great name. We are looking forward to our meeting this year with throbbing hearts, and we are praying that God will remember us again and deign to use these feeble instruments for His namesake.

Oh! how they need Him—the great war has carried off so many; oh, that Christ were with them all! It may be that He will give us the baptism of the Spirit before the coming of the baptism of blood. Thank God, a great number of our boys who have gone have taken Jesus with them, and if they return no more we confidently expect to meet them at the Gates of the City, where they shall never learn war any more forever.

It would be impossible in this short history to give an account of all of the activities of the church. They are so many and varied that under this heading we may only mention a few and leave the greater activities to be treated under separate headings.

The church has been trying to do some definite missionary work. We are now supporting a native Japanese missionary, whose photo appears in this history. This missionary work has done the church a great deal of good. It has brought us in touch with God's poor lost world in a way that nothing else can.

Our Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has been doing some work along this line also. Each year they have a special course of lectures, given by the pastor, with appropriate pictures. The proceeds of these lectures go toward our Maryland Conference Young People's Union Missionary. Our Ladies' Bible Class is renting a chapel in China where the gospel is preached every day.

We record with a great deal of pleasure that another young man, Mr. George W. Ports, has gone away to school to prepare for the ministry. This makes six young men who have gone from Hampden Church to preach the gospel. We believe there is a great future for this young man. His whole heart seems afire with his thought of preaching. Hampden Church expects much from him and we feel sure that we cannot be disappointed.

One of our young women, Miss Sarah E. Cullen, entered school this fall to begin training for the work of a Deaconess. We rejoice in this work of our church and feel so glad that we have a part in it. There are sounds of the goings in the mulberry trees, and we confidently believe that in the near future other young women will follow her steps and dedicate their lives in useful service to Jesus Christ. How much our church needs this work! This is a blessed ministry that every church that is endeavoring to live up to its opportunities should have. Our denomination has recently purchased a home for our Deaconesses, and we are looking forward with a great



REV. GEO. W. PORTS. REV. C. M. CULLUM. (In Training.)





REV. G. A. OGG.

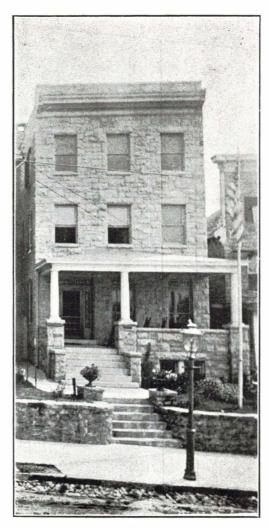


REV. J. F. WOODEN. THE MEN WHO HAVE GONE OUT FROM HAMPDEN M. P. CHURCH TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

deal of pleasure to the privilege of furnishing one of these rooms in the new home.

Three years ago today (November 2, 1917) the pastor and his family moved into the new parsonage. It might be interesting to state to those who do not know that we have given our house a name, and that name is "The Prophet's Rest." This name is cut on the cornerstone of the house, and the work was done by one of our best men, who, since that day, has passed on to that rest that remains for the people of God. The total cost of the house was \$10,000, and we hope some day, and that day not very far away, to have a beautiful church which will match our beautiful home. This has been the pastor's dream, and may we not hope that through God's grace and guiding providence he may live long enough to see this dream come true. The house is built of Port Deposit granite and brick. The rooms are large and bright, and there is a first-class hot-water plant which, in winter time, keeps the house like a summer day. The electric light system is all that anybody could desire. There is on the third floor a guest chamber; this is kept and furnished especially for the visiting prophets who from time to time visit the church. It has a bath and the conveniences which the Prophet might need. Four large windows overlook the lake just in front of our property, and Druid Hill Park not far beyond. The view is one of constant delight, not only for those who may visit The Prophet's Rest, but to those who are fortunate enough to live there. The most charming thing about the house, to the pastor, at least, is the study. It is a source of constant satisfaction. It is not simply a room; it is a real "studio," if you please. This room has all that any student might need to help him in his great work of preaching the gospel. All the bookcases are built in the house. Plenty of light; cool in sum-

mer and cozy in winter. It takes a great deal of grace to get out and travel the streets, especially in the cold, wintry weather, when you think of this little room, so cozy and warm. But then, again, when you think of all the dear hearts and homes into which you may carry the warmth and cheer of the love of Christ, it is no hardship to leave the cozy room and go the distances. We said in the beginning that the house cost \$10,000. There was a mortgage placed on the property for \$6,000. This has not given us any trouble; we have never had to spend an uneasy moment about it. We have never doubted but what our people would pay for it in due time. Our people have worked with a real joy to pay for the house, which stands as a memorial to their loyalty and love. The pastor has never had to take up public collections, nor has he ever had to go personally to a human being to ask for a contribution; it has all come in on the plates as a freewill offering to God. Who would not love a people like that? On November 18, 1917, we are to have what we call a "Joash Day." It is a day when the people will do as the old Bible says they did in the time of Joash. They will come and place their gifts in the chest of Joash, which will be given a prominent place on a stand in the front of the church. This history is expected to be off the press by that time, but the pastor is positive that he can say that on the 26th day of November, when our note is due, every dollar will be in hand to pay off our entire indebtedness. And on the second day of December, the climax of our Golden Jubilee, the old mortgage, which has served us so well and has never given us any trouble, will be burned. INDEED IT WON'T! One good turn deserves another—that cancelled mortgage will be framed and hung up as a precious reminder of the loyalty and



THE PROPHET'S REST.

love of the dear people of Hampden Methodist Protestant Church, who have made these five years the happiest in the pastor's ministry.

"The Garden of the Lord!" This is the name which many of us of Hampden Church have given to the beautiful front lawn of the church and The Prophet's Rest. Yes, it is the Lord's garden, and how beautiful it is kept. A visiting minister one day said, "My brother, it looks like somebody really lives here." The dear old folks who were here in the years gone by would not know the place now. The old iron fence is gone and the ash walk has disappeared, and there is now a fine stone retaining wall put up, with large round corners where the steps go up to the church and house. In place of the old ash walk, which ran from 36th street far beyond the church, is now a fine modern cement walk. The lawn is laid off in flower beds and circles and cement walks. It is interesting to know how all this was done and how it is kept. One of the boys, Mr. Edward Parsons by name, is our gardener; he keeps the plants and the flowers and looks after them. Uncle John Tice attends to the water-end of the job. Once every year the people make an offering of flowers or money. They gather on flower day, and while the band fills the air with music the ladies and gentlemen plant the flowers which have been brought. We are sure we will not overstep the mark when we say it looks like an Eden. It has been admired by hundreds of people who are not connected with our church. Some one once said. "It would be unfortunate to visit Hampden and fail to see the peaceful, park-like, picturesque Garden of the Lord."

Christmas morning! This is always a high day with the church. While the stars are still shining we meet at a point not far from the church and, with our Emmanuel Bible Class Band, we march about the town, the band playing the Christmas carols and the people singing. Often the procession is squares long. The happy crowd receives the Merry Christmas cheers from the people looking from their windows all along the route. The end of the marching is always at the church. They all go in and usually the building is packed and jammed. The beautiful story of old is read to the people, and no one except those who have been there can appreciate the glad thrill of rejoicing as the vast congregation breaks forth into singing—

Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King. Let every heart prepare Him room And Heaven and Nature sing.

A prayer of thanksgiving is offered and a testimony meeting is held. By and by the daylight of the happy Christmas morning comes streaming through the windows and everybody shakes hands with everybody else, and a Merry Christmas wished for all, and we go back to our homes happy in the service of the King.



 \mathbf{E} verybody

Doing

Something

Transforming

Others

Nearing

Eternity

Teacher

 \mathbf{A}^{11}

Christ's

Followers,

Our

Real Desire

President



CHAPTER X.



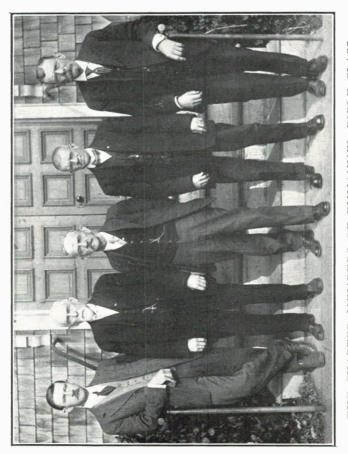
EMMANUEL.

O one can ever know how dear this word has become to the minister of Hampden Church. Not for any single reason alone, but for many. Emmanuel—"God with us." This surely is first, for if ever God was with a people He has been with Emmanuel Bible Class. From the very first day until this day His stately stepping has been heard among us and His hand has been laid upon us to guide us and hold us. No one who has any knowledge of Emmanuel Bible Class, and the marvelous work which it has accomplished, would ever doubt the truth of the above statement. There have been nearly 500 men who have dedicated their lives to Jesus Christ since the organization of this class in 1913. There is something very tender about this name. For weeks the class had tried to select a name, until one morning Harry G. McCauley suggested the name Emmanuel and Brother Horace Burgee suggested the interpretation of the word as our class motto. This was adopted. How deeply it touches the writer today as he sits alone in his study writing this history!

Dear Harry McCauley and Horace Burgee; they know the meaning of the word "Emmanuel" better than we can ever know it here. They have crossed the river and today they enjoy the perfect presence of the King. God with us; yes, that's sweet, but they have the superlative degree, they are with God. They stand in the presence of the Radiant King.

Emmanuel Class was born on the 16th day of October, 1913. Its growth has been marvelous; from the very start

it was a great movement. Around this great class and the women's class clings the reason for the church's unprecedented success. This is the reason we have been bombarded with letters and inquiries from every quarter to learn how a class begun with eight could reach the fourteen hundred mark, and thereby is the story. With your patience we will try to give at least a part of the story of this marvelous class. On our arrival in Baltimore one of the first things we found was the dearth of men in our church at Hampden. Only a few were there—the old soldiers of the cross who had been there for years, and still struggling to carry the heavy burden. Many had died and but few new ones had come in to take their places. We noticed that out on the street corners and other places were plenty of men, and the inquiry was made, "Where do these men go to church?" and the answer came back, "No place." Then the minister thought, "Here is my job." The pastor's class in the Sunday-school consisted of eight men. Its name was "Rock of Ages." There we were with a great noisy school about us, and the preacher found it quite a job to teach them. After many talks with the superintendent it was decided that the pastor could take his eight men and go upstairs in the main church room, not only to be quiet, but to begin the organization of a men's Bible class. The idea of the men's class was not received very favorably. In the first place, the eight men taken out of the school would deplete the school of men, and, in the second place, the men could not be gotten in the town for another Bible class. The work, however, shows that neither of these were true. The minister often looks back to the little bunch of men seated in one corner of the church, and how earnestly we talked of going out to get others to come. They caught the spirit of enthusiasm and they went out, and on the next



THE CHARTER MEMBERS OF EMMANUEL BIBLE CLASS.

Sunday there were new faces among us, and so it was the next, and the next, and so on for five years. The first month we organized with 65 men, and then it went by leaps and bounds, and in twelve months there were 500. The second year brought as many more, and so on it grew. If we had not had so many to move away and quite a number to die, the roll today would be far beyond two thousand or more. The men of Emmanuel Bible Class can be found practically in every State. We receive letters and postcards from many of them. They never forget Emmanuel. It is interesting to know something of how we reached them. In many places where we have gone to speak of the work the people have asked this question, "How did you get them?" They seemed to think that there was some sort of hypnotic power in the preacher or the members who were doing the work. But in reality the only hypnotic power we know anything about is the love of Christ which constrains us. This wins when all else fails. Men love to touch men who have touched God. And so with faith and much prayer and love we went out after them—on the streets, in the poolroom, in the cigar store, in fact, every place where men go, and they heard our message and accepted our invitation. If there is one thing more than another which is responsible for this remarkable class, we should say, "It is the power of the living touch." We never substitute, we never send, we don't mail literature (only on rare occasions), we don't phone (only as the last resort); we go, and go, and then go, and then go some more, and keep on going until the man stops our going by his coming. Another question is asked, "How do you keep them?" We keep them by "keeping them." We try to stop the leaks. We keep in touch—and "keep in touch." We have tried hard to perfect our organization, and while we have not done all we should like to do, we have gone our limit to do our best.

We were fortunate enough in the early days of our class to meet that most genial and superb leader of men, Mr. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. Mr. Biddle is the founder and president of the world-wide organization of Drexel Biddle Bible Classes. At this writing the organization has over two hundred thousand men on its register. It is a mighty organization, whose great object is to stir up in men the love for the living word of God. Emmanuel Bible Class was received into this organization a few years ago. Mr. Biddle has paid us many visits and this always brings us cheer. The teacher of Emmanuel Bible Class enjoys the distinguished honor of being the Chief Evangelist for the United States in the Drexel Biddle Organization, and is also the chief director for the State of Maryland. This has brought the pastor of Hampden Church before tremendous audiences, sometimes numbering thousands of men and women, to tell the story of how God has blessed the men of Emmanuel Bible Class. The following will give our people some idea of the great massmeetings that the organization holds from time to time. This clipping is taken from the Methodist Protestant:

A GREAT BIBLE-CLASS RALLY.

The Drexel Biddle Adult Bible Classes of the District of Columbia and Alexandria, Va., held a great rally at the Eastern Presbyterian Church, Washington, on Sunday last. The writer, who is the chief director for the District of Columbia, presided. Rev. Dr. Alfred Barrows, pastor of the Eastern Presbyterian Church, led in prayer.

Captain A. J. Drexel Biddle, the president and founder of this great chain of Bible classes, containing a membership of about 200,000 persons, was present and delivered a fine address. Mr. M. Frederick Wilson, of Philadelphia, Pa., spoke with great

enthusiasm, and our own Rev. Edward Daniel Stone, pastor and teacher of the world's largest adult Bible class, delivered a great address, carrying his audience with him for nearly an hour. There was often laughter and applause. The large church was filled with adults, and all were stirred to the highest enthusiasm, and we hope went home to bestir themselves to win men and women to their adult Bible classes, and to Christ and the church. Among other things, Captain Biddle said: "As the men of the Engineering Corps go first and prepare the way for future advances, so in religious work the men of today are in a sense clearing and preparing the way for the generations to follow. We build and fight for freedom and righteousness; our names may be forgotten, but the bridges remain, and across them will go many souls toward the eternity of God. The great bridge is that which was built by our Lord and Saviour so many years ago-and we are crossing it to safety."

Among many things, Rev. E. D. Stone said: "There are just two classes of people—the live ones, who do things, and the dead ones, who don't do things. The difference between the live wire and the dead one is only the difference in the current—that's all—and you and I need the living flame from above that never goes out. The man with that spirit in seeking to win other men to God never takes 'No' for an answer; he has 'sand;' he is not too busy; he has vision and ideals; is enthusiastic, not wrapped up in sanctimonious dignity, and has the hustling, progressive way that men like and that wins."

It was a day long to be remembered.

October 23, 1917.

J. FRANKLIN BRYAN.

Yes, it's the story God has blessed. One gentleman at a great meeting in Camden, N. J., said: "I have heard that story three times, but it can never grow old." No, it can never grow old, because it is the story of how Jesus lived and loved and died for men.

And it seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet,

And those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To know it like the rest. The activities of the class are varied and many. We endeavor to look after the sick, sit up with them when necessary, and serve the family in the hour of need or death.

The class has a beautiful ritual which is used at the funeral of a brother. The floral design that is always given at such a time is a large button (a picture of this button is found at the beginning of this chapter). The button is made up of red and white carnations with the simple lettering, "Emmanuel Bible Class."

We have a method of securing employment for those who are out of work. This has been a very effective agency for good. The class takes a very active part in all the things that concern Hampden Church. It is a live organization in every sense of the word. There are some red-letter days in our class history. We should like to write fully of them all but space forbids. The first one we should like to mention is when the boys went to see Billy Sunday. What a day that was!

When the count was made we found there were twelve hundred men in line. It was a proud day for Hampden Church. Twelve hundred men marching under her ban-



THE BIG BOOK THAT ALWAYS LEADS THE PROCESSION, WHEN THE GREAT CLASSES ARE ON PARADE.

ners, notwithstanding a drenching rain was falling. At the head of this great line was an immense open Bible (a cut of which appears in this history). This book is ten by seven feet, with scriptural verses that can be easily read for quite a half square. The book is lit up with electric lights. Back of the Bible is a great sunburst, with the letters appearing between the rays of light, "Holy Bible." This open book has thrilled more than one heart, especially those who love "The Open Bible." Leading the whole procession was our Emmanuel Band of 32 pieces. Too much praise cannot be given Dr. S. R. Wantz for the heroic work he and his men have done in giving our class the magnificent band. It is the pride of our town, and when the parson marches at the head of a line of twelve hundred men, and the big open Bible and the Emmanuel Band, there is surely "something doing."

At the regular meeting of the class in March, 1916, Mr. Sunday was elected to membership in Emmanuel Bible Class. His coin is No. 1000. When he received his coin, which is a gold one, he sent the following note to the class:

Dear Brother Stone-

Please convey to the class my appreciation of the honor done me in election to membership. I hope this organization may grow rapidly and increase ever in efficiency for the Lord's work.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours, W. A. SUNDAY.

Another day which is always looked forward to by our men is the anniversary banquet of Emmanuel Bible Class. Hundreds of men sit around the tables and the Queen Esther Ladies serve. A more beautiful scene cannot be imagined for an evening company than this event affords. At the 1916 anniversary the following note was received from Detroit from a distinguished member of the class:

Detroit, Mich., October 16, 1916.

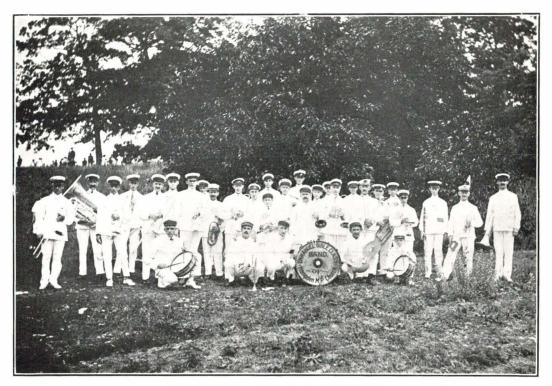
Dear Mr. Stone-

Thank you a lot for that telegram. It warms my heart to get a message of that sort. Things going well here. Hope I get to see you in the east. Best wishes from all of us.

Sincerely yours,

WM. A. SUNDAY.

Another great day was the Sunday-school picnic. We are glad to give a clipping from the church paper: "The picnic looked like the whole town had turned out. Brother Anstine, who was present, stood on the pile of stone, which was ready for the new parsonage building, to watch. Soon the parade began; the children began to march out of the church-and they marched out, and marched out, and marched out, until Brother Anstine remarked that 'Brother Stone must have a factory in that church somewhere to grind out more all the time.' Finally the children and the Women's Bible Class got started and then the men fell in line—and it was some line. When we marched up Thirty-sixth street the crowds lined the pavement as they would for a circus parade. When we came in sight of the grove, which was still squares away, we could only hear a few notes of music occasionally. It was indeed a great sight to look way down the line and see that great crowd of men start up the hill to the grove. Stone was delighted when told 'it was the greatest demonstration ever held in Hampden.' He has a right to be proud of his great school, and especially of his great class.



 $\begin{array}{c} {\rm EMMANUEL~BIBLE~CLASS~BAND} \\ {\rm of} \\ {\rm Hampden~Methodist~Protestant~Church.} \end{array}$

Another great day in our history was the day when Emmanuel Bible Class pledged itself to help build a new house for the Man of God. The story of that house can never be written; deeds as golden as that can only be known and understood in the white light of heaven. The old house had served its day and was no longer suitable to live in. During the winter time it was simply impossible to heat the building so you might be comfortable. It was not an easy task to build a house, but we believed it was entirely possible. There was not much encouragement given in this matter. They were just afraid that the work was too great to be undertaken. Outside of our own church there were some who said, "Oh, you'll never do it." Others said, "It's only a bubble and it will not amount to anything." But again we believed in God and we believed in ourselves. And we went at it with prayer and faith and work. We are very grateful for the spirit of the little poem written by Edgar A. Guest. It has in it just what we needed and a great deal some other folks needed. Read it carefully and think:

"IT CAN BE DONE."

Somebody said that "it couldn't be done,"
But he, with a chuckle, replied,
That maybe it couldn't, but he'd not be one
Who'd say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with a bit of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing, as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it!

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that, At least, no one ever has done it," But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat, And the first thing we knew he'd begun it. With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin, Without and doubting or "quit it," He started to sing, as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done, and he did it!

There are thousands to tell you "it cannot be done,"
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in, with a bit of a grin,
Take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing, as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done, and you'll DO it!

With the spirit of that poem in our hearts, on May 6, 1914, a crowd of men met. It was Saturday morning, and with the parson we started on the roof, and by 4 P. M. the same day the little parsonage that had sheltered all the prophets since the days of A. D. Melvin lay flat upon the ground. We had no trouble in tearing it down, for Father Time had done lots of the work for us. We put a string of electric lights around the lot so the boys could work at night—and how they did work, every night in the week except Sunday. They dug the foundation (for the old house had no cellar) sixty feet by twenty-two feet by eight feet, "and believe me, folks, that was some dirt to dig out;" but they dug it out, every bit of it, and the boys wheeled it out in Irish buggies (for the benefit of the uneducated, will say an Irish buggy is a wheelbarrow). When the foundation was ready we began to haul bricks from the railroad station down on the Cold Spring lane. It was a long way from the church. Kind friends loaned us several trucks, each able to carry seven tons. There are some humorous things that happened in those days. One, we think, we want to relate. It was one night as we were going down to the station for a load of brick;

for some reason or other the old truck got away from us; turning suddenly into Cold Spring lane we ran into a wall and tore down two or three yards of it. The great wonder is that we were not all killed. But the seriousness of the situation was changed a bit when some lady said, "The trouble is it's a whole truck load of drunken men." We could not help but smile as we thought of the new character assigned to us. Another story of those nights which has always been intensely interesting to all of us happened down at the station. We were sitting in a car loaded with brick. The truck had gone back to the house with a load. The boys sat around the side of the car; it was really and truly dark. You could not see a man's face, for there were no lights down there. All that could be seen were the little lights from the pipes which the boys had a-going. One man proposed that the parson should preach; well, he did not need a second invitation, and we talked out there in the dark to those men about the good life, and since that day they all have found peace in Jesus Christ.

Well, the house rose like magic; some did one thing and some another, until it was completed, and today it stands as a thing of beauty and a joy to the whole community. While the men did not do all the work, because that would be impossible, yet they did do about \$4,000 worth with their own hands. The house, when finished, cost \$10,000.

The kindness of these men to the pastor of Hampden Church is simply without limit. In all the toils and labors they have been the soul of kindness; not only have they done this great work, but other things without number. It is very seldom that the church ever has to pay out money for work. The word comes quick, "Parson, we will do it." Cement walks all around the property, the

cellar, etc. The boys have just finished painting the entire church auditorium, making it a thing of beauty. They are now getting it ready for the anniversary, which we will celebrate on November 25, 1917.

Another great day was the day when the Spirit of God swept over the class in a perfect cyclone of power and fifty men came forward and, kneeling at the altar, surrendered to Jesus Christ. In these days of pleasure and the mad rush after gold, such scenes as these are seldom witnessed. The class opened in the usual fashion, the lesson was taught, and after the lesson an invitation was given to any man who was willing to surrender his life to Jesus Christ. Mr. Lindsay, one of the men, stepped to the front, turned and faced the class, and, as near as we can remember, this is what he said: "Boys, I have lived all my life for Satan; sin is piled up about me; I am going to dig out. Won't some of you fellows go with me?" He knelt at the altar; the effect of the speech and his kneeling at the altar was marvelous on that class. Every face seemed to be set, every nerve was at its highest tension; many sat there and wept, while others just looked on and tried to sing. The suspense was not long, for in a few moments the break came. Men arose here and there and quietly came. The quiet, subdued singing was simply thrilling. It was evident those men felt every word uttered by their lips; the Spirit of God surely had control of their hearts. It seems we can hear them singing yet-

> Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come.

And oh, how they came! By twos and threes, first up one aisle and then the other. How our hearts were moved

by that scene. We could not help from thinking of the day when people looked on and said:

What means this eager, anxious throng That moves with busy haste along? These wondrous gatherings day by day What means this strange commotion, say?

In accents hushed the throngs reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Yes, Jesus was again moving in His glorious triumphal procession, and, thank God, many whom we love were falling into line. Hampden was being changed that day. Key men were being born again. We cannot refrain from relating here an incident of that morning and its marvelous results. There was a man just in his prime who had been induced to attend the class. He kept a confectionery store, and Sunday was the big day. But he was one among the 85 who that day decided for Christ. He was one of the number who fell into line and became a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. How radiant was his face when he came from the audience chamber of the King of Glory. That same day his family followed his example and their joy was complete.

There were many who said, "I wonder what Billy Burns will do now on Sunday with that store?" We were not kept in suspense. At the closing service of that day, with the great church packed to the doors, he asked the pastor for the privilege to speak a few words to the people. It was readily granted.

Billy stood there a minute and then addressed the people. "My friends, you all know me; I have been in business for years, and Sunday has always been a big day. This morning I gave my heart to Jesus, and when I gave Him my heart, Bill gave Him his business, too. And if anybody wants anything from Bill's store after this, you must get it on Saturday, for tomorrow this sign will be hung in the window:

'CLOSED ON SUNDAY.'"

What's the sequel? It will only take a few words to tell it. God blessed him greatly. The other day while at his home Bill showed his pastor the receipts for the years since he gave his heart and his business to Jesus. And his Sunday closing has wonderfully increased his receipts instead of decreasing them. Why? The right-thinking people honor a man who not only says, "I love Jesus," but a man whose life proves it.

How we wish today we could write of so many others whose lives have been like heavenly sunlight in our church and cheered the heart of the prophet of God, but alas! our book is too small, but we are hoping some time to write more fully of the throng of men and women in dear old Hampden who will shine as the stars when the weary wheels of earth stand still.

Another red-letter day was when Emmanuel Bible Class attended the morning service to receive the Holy Communion. The minister can never forget that scene. Rev. W. B. Judefind assisted in the service. A deep spirit of devotion seemed to rest upon the people. The very first hymn just sent a thrill of joy through our hearts.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place; My never-failing treasure, filled With boundless stores of grace. Prayer was offered, the Scriptures read, the precious emblems consecrated, and we sung again:

Can I forget, can I forget
The place where Jesus died?
Where on the cross of Calvary
My Lord was crucified?
Can I forget His dying groans
His agonizing prayer?
Oh, soul of mine, it was my sin
Which help'd to nail Him there.
Oh, wonderful cross of Calvary,
My hope of salvation clings to Thee
Oh, wonderful, wonderful cross.

How subdued were all the people. The invitation was extended to come to the Lord's Table, and hundreds of men came just to have a quiet talk with Jesus and again to "Show forth the Lord's death till He come again." When the great throngs of Christian men had received the blessed emblems, an invitation was extended to the unsaved men to dedicate their lives to Jesus and seal it with the blood covenant. How our hearts thrilled as man after man came, till the altar was filled several times with those who pledged their loyalty to Jesus forever. At the conclusion of that truly great service, where nearly four hundred men had received the Holy Communion, we sang again as we stood there ready to receive the benediction:

Oh Jesus I have promised
To serve Thee to the end,
Be Thou forever near me
My Master and my Friend.
I will not fear the battle

If Thou art by my side, Nor wander from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide.

And many men went out from that hallowed place feeling that they indeed had been in communion with the King.

It was a great day with the class when they assembled for a flag-raising. It was just before the time for the regular session. It seemed as though everybody was there. It was estimated that at least one thousand men were present. Over on the lawn of The Prophet's Rest were the ladies of the Queen Esther Class. On the steps of the church and all along the front of the building were the children of the main school. On the lawn in front of the church and on the pavement, in the street and on the pavement across the street were the men. Patriotic hymns were sung, prayer was offered, closing with the Lord's Prayer. The Scriptures were read and the Bible Class Band played several hymns and the "Star-Spangled Banner." When the national anthem was played the great throng sang it, and as they sang it a great flag, ten feet by eighteen feet, was raised to the top of the 75-foot pole. The crowd then tried to go to church, but alas! they could not get in. Upstairs, downstairs, all was packed and jammed. Before the exercises began the boys were given an opportunity to help pay for the flag and the pole and the work incident to its erection. In exactly seven minutes \$120 was raised, it being the total cost. The pastor then delivered the address for the morning on the theme.

"THE STAINLESS FLAG."

The service was a great triumph and we all went home still thinking of the happy event of the morning. One Sabbath evening a little while ago dear Harry McCauley, my brother greatly beloved, while talking to the people of Hampden, asking them to be liberal with their words and deeds of love for the pastor, finished his remarks by reading the following poem, which greatly impressed not only the people but can never be forgotten by the pastor.

DO IT NOW!

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him tell him now;

Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration, And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;

For no matter how you shout it he won't really care about it; He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;

If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,

For it gives to life a savor and it makes you stronger, braver.

And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;

If he earns your praise—bestow it; if you like him let him know it;

Let the words of true encouragement be said;

Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover, For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

What a splendid thing for all of us to remember—

You may dig my grave with a silver spade, You may lower me down with golden chains, You may plant over my body the flowers from tropical suns, But it will not touch my heart. Oh, yes, a loving deed to a faint heart is worth more than tube roses or pillows of flowers with purple immortelles or endearing inscriptions on satin-lined caskets. Tears on cold, upturned faces never bring the roses back.

Speak now, while their eyes can see and their ears can hear you and their hands can feel the pressure of your touch. Let the goodness of God pouring into your heart overflow that it might flow into mine.

Then what? Words and deeds make a pillow as soft as down from the bosom of the paradise birds, as refreshing as the odor of flowers, as beautiful as music on summer breezes, upon which I may rest in life and death.

The pressure of your helping hand will make them feel that a heart on fire has touched them and wakened them into life; and your tears of sympathy dropped from clouds of sorrow will glisten when the storm is over and God's sun kisses the world in the sunset hour. And we shall see in the clouds a glory, and in the tears a rainbow.

Let us give our flowers to the living.

I could not close this chapter on Emmanuel without a word about the one man who has made much of this glorious work possible. From the day of its organization until this day he has never been found wanting in anything. Night and day he has worked, never seeming to know that there is an end to one's endurance, but with a cheerful smile and a ready hand we believe he has gone his limit.

So many have said, "This man ought to have been a preacher." The minister of Hampden has often said the same, and yet was there ever a day when God needed whole-hearted, out-and-out Christian laymen any more than he does today? Men who love Jesus Christ better than gold? Better than pleasure? Men who look up into the face of the perfect Young Man of Galilee and say, "I want to love Thee better than anything else in the

world." How God's heart must thrill when he finds a man with such a holy prayer upon his lips.

We believe we have only said the truth when we have paid this tribute of loving affection to the man who has been our president from the beginning and has proven himself worthy of our highest confidence and esteem.

Emmanuel Bible Class takes off its hat to

ARCHIE FORD.

On the wall in the large reception hall of The Prophet's Rest hangs a great chime clock with musical Westminster Chimes. Every fifteen minutes it chimes out a sweet little tune; at the ending of the sixty minutes it gives a complete chord of musical notes and then strikes the hour. This clock was given to the parson by "The Boys." He could only find one name for his clock. Can you guess it? Well, I will tell you. It is

EMMANUEL.

CHAPTER XI.

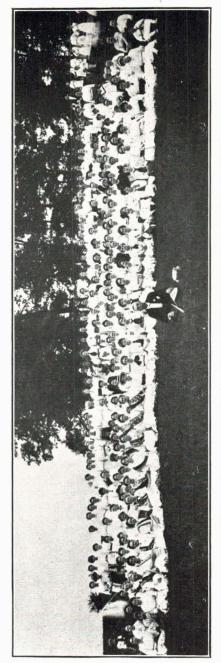
QUEEN ESTHER.



T was but a very little while after the organization of Emmanuel Bible Class that the fever spread rapidly, and the ladies said to the Pastor, "We, too, must have a Bible

The pastor did not need any coaxing in this matter, and Oueen Esther Bible Class was born January 15, 1914, with seventy-five members. It was indeed a great day for Hampden Church when this splendid band of loval women got together to study the word of God. The only question which confronted us was, where shall we meet? Every available space in the church was taken up on the Sabbath Day; so it was finally decided to use the main auditorium for the class on Thursday evening. This has proven a great blessing to us all. It's a refreshing thing in the middle of each week to see the church room with a great throng of earnest women ready to study the word of God. The meetings are bright and full of enthusiasm. The music is always helpful. It is not an uncommon thing to have the altar full of earnest seekers after the study of the lesson. The teacher never misses an opportunity to give the members of the class an invitation to consecrate their lives to Jesus Christ. fear that in the modern Sunday-school too much time is often given to the study of geography and history rather than the power of the saving blood.

Queen Esther Bible Class, like that of Emmanuel, has only one object in view. According to some we are narrow. Yes, we are; but there is a reason for our narrowness. Jesus said, "The gate which leadeth unto Life is



QUEEN ESTHER BIBLE CLASS OF HAMPDEN M. P. CHURCH.

narrow and few there be that find it." When the roll of the class is called up yonder we all want to be there; we want to be narrow enough to get through the Gates into the City of Life. We are trying to narrow our teaching down to Paul's idea, "I am determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." This class has been a power in Hampden Church for good.

Who is it that can measure the power of consecrated womanhood. The work in the class is along the same lines as that of the Emmanuel Bible Class. The work in the women's class has been a wonder in many ways. When the new parsonage was completed we issued a mortgage for \$6,000. The Queen Esther Bible Class has never let up, and the end is now in sight. Many evenings while the boys were working, digging the foundation for the house, the lot would be crowded with women from the class cheering them on, and "believe me," when some young man cast one eye up and saw his sweetheart standing there on the bank, her face radiant in smiles, he certainly could sling an American anchor some.

The red-letter days of Queen Esther are as numerous as those of Emmanuel's, for the Bible says, "It is not good for man to be alone," and so when Emmanuel goes out for a great day Queen Esther goes along. In our parades Queen Esther always leads the way, and the crowds along the sidewalks are always pleased with our charming women, and when the men come along bringing up the rear the crowd always thinks "what a fortunate crowd of men you are to have such a beautiful escort." The parade to Albaugh's was a great triumph—nearly 500 in line, headed by the Big Book. When we turned into Mt. Royal avenue a man, struck by this array of beauty, asked, "What's the matter?" some one answered, "Oh, nothing." Again came a question, "Are these Suffragettes?" "No,

it's a Bible Class from the Hampden M. P. Church on its way to the convention of Young People's Work of the Methodist Protestant Church." "What, all them people from one church?" "Yes," came the answer. The stranger said no more, but hung his head and in deep thought walked away trying to figure it all out.

When you enter the main room of the church where the class holds its sessions two beautiful silk American flags meet your eyes—one on either side of the pulpit platform. These were given to the church by Queen Esther Bible

Class.

A little bird the other day whispered a good thought into the parson's ear. It was this: that a handsome individual communion service was to be purchased for the church. We are not saying much, but we have a neat suspicion as to the quarter from which it is to come, and when the guilty party is found we feel sure that "The Queen" will say, "How did you find that out?" It would take many books to print all the good things this class is doing. Like Emmanuel, they look out for the sick and sorrowful, and just like tender woman carry sunshine and cheer to the house of mourning. They, too, have a ritual very similar to the men's which is used at the funeral of a member of the class. How many times has this class of faithful, God-fearing women cheered the pastor's heart-always ready, always willing, always cheerful. Much of the progress that has come to the church has come through this band of loyal women.

Queen Esther—yes, that's the proper name, surely a queenly class of women—seven hundred now on the roll.

May God's grace and God's power still keep them and bless them, and some day they, like Queen Esther of old, shall be received with great joy into the audience chamber of the King.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL THE REST OF Us.

HIS little book would never be complete without a part dedicated to the Ladies' Aid Society. The person who named that Society truly named it well, for they are in every

sense an aid. Whenever you get in a hole, and the official board looks distressed, and the pastor is wearing that worried look, just call in the Ladies' Aid Society—"Presto," everybody wears a smile, the work is done.

Have you a debt? Tell the Ladies' Aid. Does the house need furnishing? Tell the Ladies' Aid. Do you want anything done, for anybody to anybody anywhere in all the realm? Just tell the Ladies' Aid Society.

Too much praise can never be given our women for the great amount they have done and are still doing. My! my! what a loyal crowd they are. In twenty-two years of the writer's ministry he has never found anywhere a band of women who know how to do things and do them like the women of Hampden Methodist Protestant Church. It just goes without saying that this crowd of loyal women make things possible that would never be done without them. When the new parsonage was finished this loval band went down town and bought new furnishings to put in the house from the top to the bottom. The parson's heart had the quivers a little bit as he wondered how they would ever pay for it all. The ladies just smiled and said, "Don't worry about that, parson; it will be paid for alright." In less than two years every cent of that bill was paid, and they then took up the parsonage debt, and when they get through "There ain't goin' to be no debt." This is the way they always do. What a blessing, indeed, to a church to have such people around; folks you can depend on, folks who are always glad when you need them, and folks who are always thinking how to make you happy. The happy parson cannot help saying, "kinder soft-like to his self," "God bless the women!"

And it seems we hear the voice of all the men everywhere in a great heavy chorus singing out good and strong "AMEN."

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

This is a fine band of young people who, with their youth and fiery zeal, stand ready to do anything for the old church. They love the church and the old church loves them.

They are developing many lines of work in the church. As has already been referred to in a preceding chapter, they are doing real missionary work. The president of the Society has just said "Good-by" and gone to the Moody Bible Institute to prepare for the ministry.

The corresponding secretary is now in training for the work of a Deaconess in the Methodist Protestant Church, and there are still others who feel the drawings of the Spirit to follow in their footsteps. This Society is helping

to support a missionary in Japan.

Another very important work in which the Christian Endeavorers are interested is the social life of our young people. "SOCIAL TO SAVE" is a great thing. How many young lives have been captured for Jesus Christ through the social evening in the Church of God! What a blessed thing to have the play hours under the influences of the church; and further, what a blessed thing it is to

have a band of young people who are endeavoring to make the play hours of the people sweet, pure and clean. May God bless them in their work and keep them busy in His service.

CLASS MEETINGS.

When the Methodist Church relegated the class meeting to the rear it simply put out of commission one of the strongest agencies for good in the church. We know that many people think that a "Class meeting is a back number, and something that belongs to the old-fashioned days."

What a pity that more of the old fogy things have not remained with us. The old-time hymns, the testimonies the fervent prayers; these were the blessed agencies that did so much for good. These were the days when the church thought more about God and Heaven, sin and salvation than it does today.

One of the great forces in Hampden Church is the Class Meeting. How often during the revival these folks will gather in the Class Meeting for prayer for half an hour before the meeting for God's power upon the message and those who hear? And many times persons are converted in the Class Meeting before the revival begins. How often this crowd of folks come singing into the church room, not like a choir paid to march and sing, but like men and women whose hearts burn with the love of Christ. We often speak to the men about their class as the "Boiler Room." There is a good bit of truth in this, for the old-time fire very often starts to burn down there, and they come forth with their faces radiant. Our Sunday Afternoon Class has lived for twenty-five years. It's the old folks' class, the dear old folks who cannot get out very well at night. How it has often stirred our hearts to hear those nearing the valley singingThe Friday Night Class has been productive of much good. Many people have found their way to Jesus through this class, and it has been a strong hand to keep them and hold them.

The newest thing among us is the class for men—just men. These men are members of Emmanuel Bible Class, and they meet on Tuesday nights. They have one great object in view, not so much the good time which they may have together, but to meet and pray for the men of the Bible Class. How God has blessed them in that work. How often have men found Jesus in that meeting. How often has the power of God laid hold of the men in that meeting, and they have gone out to do the most intense personal work for Christ. May God ever keep this meeting thoroughly alive with His holy fire that many more may find a sweet and saving peace.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

We have another organization in our church. It is the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. It is through these women that much of the missionary spirit in our church has been kept alive. The Society is organized to do good work in the greatest work of the Christian Church, and we are sure that at no distant day the church will hear in no uncertain fashion from them.



REV. YOTARO KOIZUMI, Our Native Pastor, Nagoya, Japan.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUR OFFICIAL FAMILY.

HE writer is very sure that no minister has ever been surrounded by a more devout and earnest official family than the minister of Hampden Methodist Protestant Church.

The church occupies a great part in their lives. They are not members of the official board in name only. but they are the men who are earnestly engaged in the work of the church. Every item of their work is kept up to date. You can find out any day or hour just how any interest is getting along. They keep figures at their finger tips. The stewards meet as regularly as the clock strikes the hour. The Board of Stewards provide one of their number who relieves the pastor in the church services of making the announcements and looking after the details relating to this matter. We always look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the meeting of the quarterly conferences. In five years there has never been a jar of any kind among us. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." They always seem to be willing to go the limit for the Kingdom, "In honor preferring one another." Our meetings to transact business have been real means of grace. If the men have bad feelings they leave them on the outside and their smiles they bring inside. They have learned a great truth. No one enjoys the fellowship of a grouch. He is always the thorn in the flesh. When a man begins to be a grouch there are scores of other men who also begin to wonder how they may speedily get rid of him. Grouching is a bad thing. It's like small-pox, "it's catching." It does a great deal of damage. Here is a little poem it would be well for all to learn and remember:

Smile and the world smiles with you, "Knock" and you go it alone;
For the cheerful grin
Will let you in
Where the "kicker" is never known.

Growl, and the way looks dreary; Laugh and the path is bright; For a welcome smile Brings sunshine, while A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you "rake in" nothing, Work, and the prize is won;
For the nervy man
With backbone can
By nothing be outdone.

So, with a cheery smile and a "How do you do" to each man who lives in the parson's heart, he takes pleasure in writing down the names of the men who have made the work of Hampden Church a real joy.

L. B. Foster
D. A. Ryan
John A. Tice
Dr. S. R. Wantz
Matthew Brown
John S. Ayler
George L. Beyer
J. Edward Rice
Archie Ford

James W. Thompson John H. Bopst William Burns Charles W. Pierce Charles Fisher Emory Redding William Bond Isaac Ford Austin Middleton

Otho Brewer

CHAPTER XIV.

Our Golden Jubilee.

HE old church is fifty years old, and we gather today to thank God and rejoice. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." Not many of the dear old folks are with us today who were with us when Hampden Church first started. Many have gone beyond the mystic river, and they wait our coming on the other shore where—

We shall meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll.

And you, our dear ones, who still remain with us, how you gladden our hearts today. Upon your brows rest the mellow glow of life's eventide. How real all these things must seem to you; how familiar these names sound in your ears; you can all but see those happy faces—

Fair as the morning Bright as the day, Loved ones in Glory Looking this way.

And you, our dear fathers and mothers, who lived in the old days, when "The first tabernacle was yet standing," when the glory of the Lord shone round about you; you who bore the burden and heat of the long years of struggle and sacrifice, we hail you with gladness today. How glad we are because God has spared your precious lives to us, that you might see the old church arise and put on her beautiful garments; see her come to her palmy days, see the happy people crowding her doors and hear them sing, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us

go up into the House of the Lord." God has spared you that you might see the blessed fruit of your labors, and see the gracious promise fulfilled in this your day. "I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams, and on my servants and on my hand-maidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit and they shall prophesy." Your children and children's children are about you in the old house of prayer. How happy you are today.

It is your Golden Jubilee! And it is our Golden Jubilee!

You have seen victory come out of the struggle, joy come out of sorrows and sunshine come out of shadows.

Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth!

But this is not only a day of rejoicing; it is a day for all of us to look forward. The past is full of heroic sacrifices, and the present is crowned with victory. The present day must be full of heroic sacrifices that the days ahead may also be glorious.

The fathers began fifty years ago; and how gloriously they wrought. We begin another half century today. Will they who follow us be as laudatory of us as we are of them? Will our heroic lives, lived in an age of pleasure-mad, money-mad men, be as fruitful as they who lived before us?

Religion is a hero's job. This day and time is a sublime opportunity to live the life of the Nazarene in true heroic fashion. Living issues require living men, men with good red blood in their veins and men all alive with God's fire.

If we can only be true to God, if we are willing to follow Jesus Christ our Saviour, the church's best years are yet to come.



CHARTER MEMBERS OF HAMPDEN M. P. CHURCH.

The keynote of our Golden Jubilee is "Forward." We must go forward—we cannot go back. The future is bright and winsome. Golden opportunity holds out her hands and they are filled with precious fruit. God is calling. Shall we answer, "Here am I," standing ready for greater service. Yes, "Ever forward, flock of Jesus."

It's God's Day; it's God's way; it's God's voice calling. It means new fields, new victories; it's taking the vantage ground of the Kingdom; it's taking the ground nearest to God.

Go forward—progress is but the continuous revelation of possibilities made into realities. Go on, for this is not your rest. Let the songs of your happy heart cheer you on to Emmanuel's Land.

Go FORWARD.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." Can you see the picture? Come, let's sit down with Jesus by Jacob's Well and hear Him talk to the Disciples about the white fields and the Golden Harvest. See the glory light of Jesus' face, see the light of those heaven-lit eyes as He sees the throng coming from the city of Sychar, their white garments shining in the sun, coming from the town to the old well, where sits the King of Glory with the Water of Life. Lift up your eyes, look on the fields. The harvest truly is great. Will you go forward with this heavenly work? Think of the great number of men and women who are yet without Christ. Think of how many homes without heaven. Think of how many boys and girls who need you and need the church.

LET US GO FORWARD.

Will you go? Let this Golden Jubilee bring out a Golden Service, a service rich in the glory of Jesus.

Yes, we *must* go forward; every high calling compels us, the love of Christ constrains us.

WE DARE NOT GO BACK.

Think of the throng of worthies whose blessed spirits surround us: think of God's honor roll: think of the saints of God keeping watch on the eternal hills; think of the triumphant Jesus, the leader of all our victories, standing at the right hand of God whose heart is yearning for your victory. Look up, ye blood-washed throng of Jehovah: look till you catch the compassion of the face of Jesus! Look till your heart is hot for greater conquest and your soul is ablaze with his His holy zeal! "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Go out, then, my happy people, go with the song of the Redeemer ringing in your souls; go out remembering we are laborers together with Him who hath loved us and redeemed us by His own precious blood, and when the rolling years have passed by and we are gathered to our fathers and our busy hands are still and our jubilant voices are quiet, may the old church still be moving forward, led by power divine.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR POETS.

OES it sound far-fetched to say "Our Poets," as though we had real poets among us?

Maybe it does, but nevertheless we will venture to print some verses which our boys have written.

These poems are given to our readers because they are heart-throbs and not because of any great literary merit which we may think they have, or any merit which we may think they have not, but for the sweet spirit found in them and the desire at least to preserve the tender words and deeds done by the men we have loved and always will.

EMMANUEL

By Daniel A. Ryan

Dedicated to the EMMANUEL BIBLE CLASS

of

HAMPDEN METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH

Tune-Maryland, My Maryland.

We are a band of Christian men,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.
Our Master's cause we will defend,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.
Our hope is bright, our faith is strong,
To do the right, and right the wrong,
Where e'er the Lord requires it done,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.

CHORUS.

Emmanuel, Emmanuel,
Our motto is Emmanuel,
"God with us," we are glad to tell,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.

With loving hearts we'll ever greet,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel,
Each other at the mercy seat,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.
To plead for those the Lord would know,
And on them saving grace bestow,
To save them from eternal woe,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.

And when our work on earth is o'er,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel,
Then we shall meet on Heaven's shore,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.
Our Saviour's face we hope to see
And reign with Him eternally,
And there our songs of praise will be,
Emmanuel, Emmanuel.

OUR PRAYER

By Daniel A. Ryan

Dedicated to QUEEN ESTHER BIBLE CLASS

of

HAMPDEN METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH

Tune-America.

O meet us, Christ our King,
Thy praises we will sing
In this our class;
Queen Esther's name we bear,
Give strength to do or dare,
Thy business everywhere,
O Christ our King.

Thy book we love to read,
Its truths and precepts heed;
Thy blessed Word
Will make us strong in might,
And guide our feet aright,
And give us strength to fight
For Thee our Lord.

Help us, dear Lord to stand, Firm, strong, a holy band
Of sisters true,
Our love and help to give
Each other while we live;
Thy blessing we'll receive
While here below.

When Thou shalt call us home
To meet Thee at Thy throne
Our tributes bring,
O take us to Thy breast,
There let us sweetly rest,
And be forever blest,
O Christ Our King.

MY OLD CHURCH HOME.

By Daniel A. Ryan

Behold I am glad when they say unto me,
To the House of the Lord we will go,
Where they tell of Jesus who died on the cross,
From whose side was a crimson flow.

CHORUS.

In the old church, the old meeting house,
The old meeting house where I go,
Where I plunged in the flood of Jesus' blood
My sins made whiter than snow.

I will lift up my voice for the church of my choice,
I will sing of its joy and its woe,
I will tell all around what a Saviour I found
In the old meeting house where I go.

How oft as I lie on my couch do I pray,
While the tears on my pillow do roll,
But Jesus is there and answers my prayer,
Speaks peace to my troubled soul.

The dumb and the blind a welcome do find,
The stranger, the lame and the poor,
They come when they please and sit at their ease
When they enter this wide-open door.

Then let us go oft to the old shingled church,
And sing as the old organ rolls—
Glory and praise to the God of all days,
And glory will fill our souls.

The old altar rail could tell a true tale,
If blest with a voice and would speak,
Of a thousand or more that knelt down before
Their mercy and pardon to seek.

With faith in the blood of the crucified One I am saved, I've oft heard them say, With arms reaching out and a glad, happy shout My sins are all taken away.

Many a loved face we miss in their place,
They plunged in this crimson flow,
They are now above, where all is love,
In robes made whiter than snow.

Some of these days they will bear me away
And lay me under the sod,
Then my soul will arise to my home in the skies,
To live in the presence of God.

Chorus to last verse.

The old church, Old Hampden Church,
The old shingled church on the road,
Where I plunged in the flood of Jesus' blood,
And my heart was relieved of its load.

AN INVITATION.

At the corner stone laying of The Prophet's Rest, To the M. P. pastors we send this request, If the weather is fine, and the rain don't shower; The first on the list is President Bowers.

To our ex-president, Brother Sheridan, we send A kind invitation and hope he'll attend, Our friends Brother Kirk, Brothers Little and Crouse, To give a kind word for Brother Stone's house.

As we look on the years that are now passed away, We think with fond mem'ry of J. W. Gray. Then there is one who stepped into line We would not forget—D. W. Anstine.

There is one dear to us, who long has lain Bound to his bed by affliction's chain; He wishes us well as we are passing on, So we read a kind word from J. L. Straughn.

Not long ago by special request
The Word was preached and many were blest,
By one we love, and now we begin
To write the name of W. B. Judefind.

And if Brother Nowlin from Jersey will come, While here in our midst we'll find him a home. Brother Nichols, Brother Middleton to come that day, We surely won't forget Brother Haddaway. Excuse, dear brothers, if we step from the line To pay a tribute to F. C. Klein, In the Missionary cause he has worked for years; Has planted the seed and watered with tears, God giveth the increase, we could shout with joy As we look at the picture of the Japanese boys.

If dear Brother Tagg would kindly consent To accept this invite, and these lines to print In the M. P. paper, North, East, South and West, To the corner stone laying of The Prophet's Rest.

That all may read, may take to heart This kind invitation to come and take part; Rejoice with us in providing a home To shelter the family of dear Brother Stone.

At the old church—Old Hampden Church,
The old shingled church on the road,
Where we plunged in the flood of Jesus' blood,
And our hearts were relieved of their load.

Daniel A. Ryan.

To George W. Ports at the Moody Bible Institute

Preparing for the Ministry of the

Methodist Protestant Church

Old Hampden gives its blessings, lad, To thee about to go, Our hearts for thee are very sad, We can't express you know.

You've been an earnest worker here For Christ of Galilee, His word to you has been most dear, We love your loyalty. Remember when you go away,
Our prayers go with you too,
And we will ne'er forget to pray
That God will keep you true.

True to His word that cannot fail No matter what befall; Tho' Satan's fiery darts assail, They shall not hurt at all.

God give thee wisdom in the west, Learning His Holy word, To do and say just what is best To lead souls to the Lord.

And may you come back here some day
A full fledged dominie,
With face as ruddy and heart as gay
As when we last saw thee.

Chas. Bristoe.

THE LIFE-SAVING STATION By Geo. L. Beyer Chorister of Hampden M. P. Church and Faithful Through all these Years.

We know of a life-saving station,
As our frail barks go out to sea,
Where our Pilot stands with outstretched hand,
To guide them into the lea.

And this station is ever ready,
And manned with the brave and strong,
To go out for the stranded mariner,
And try to help him along.

Every day there are vessels drifting Adown the stream of time, But the life-saving crew is ever there And try to help him along. To draw them into safety,
Away from the breakers of sin
And show them the way to the Harbor,
Where our Pilot will guide them in.

There, many souls have been rescued And brought to the Father's home, There to receive the kiss and embrace And never again to roam.

There are many today still drifting, Yes, drifting away with the tide, Tossed by the winds without anchor, Without any Pilot to guide.

Old Hampden Church is this station,
Where Brother Stone, our captain, stands,
Upon the walls of Zion,
While the crew holds up his hands.

And there he sounds the warning To men in the angry wave, And ever points them to Jesus Who alone is mighty to save.

And many have heeded the warning Given by this man of God, While others are under conviction, And passing beneath the rod.

Some are asking the prayer of God's people To help them the victory to win, And start the new life of faith in God, And quit the old life of sin.

May our prayer ascend to Heaven, As the prayer of one man today, And at last to be rewarded, When we hear the Master say: "Well done, good and faithful servant,
Come lay thine armor down
To receive the mansion prepared for thee,
A robe and a starry crown."

VISION AND PRAYER OF OUR PASTOR

By D. A. Ryan.

Recited at Reception by Miss L. N. Ayler.

The conference was over and much had been said, From a list of appointments the President read: "Hampden—Edward D. Stone,"
Came from his lips in a vigorous tone.

Our Pastor was pleased, they could tell by his face, For he was glad to return to the same old place; And as he took up his work, Our Master to please, For grace, strength and guidance he fell on his knees:

"Father, I pray, help Thou me
This people to serve and lead unto Thee;
Oh my Father, hear Thou my plea
To build a house for Thee and me;

"For that which we now have In time will decay, And like all things on earth It must soon pass away.

"As our fathers before
Did provide for us,
For those coming after
To provide for, we must."

'Twas while he yet spake
These sweet words of grace,
Seem to burn in his soul
And illumine his face:

HISTORY OF HAMPDEN M. P. CHURCH

"Look, my child, look! and behold
The wealth of this country, its silver and gold,
The oak, the hickory, the cypress, the pine
And the hearts of the people, all are mine.

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"There are quarries of stone and sea-shores of sand, And the clay of the valleys are at my command, On a thousand hills, where the sun doth shine, Yea all, even the cattle are mine.

"There are streams of water from hillside and dale; Go forth in my strength and thou shalt prevail; Freely I give, and that without measure My people to bless with my rich treasure.

"Thou hast asked in faith, believing it to be done,
Therefore will I honor the words of my son,
'My father I thank thee for the assurance thou didst send.'"
And he arose to his feet with a reverent "Amen."

Methinks I can see him, as he wendeth his way To this old shingled building, on this reception day, With his loved ones around and these soft words repeat: "How happy we'll be, if we just keep Sweet!"

MOTHER'S HANDS

The folded hands, the sweet calm face,
The head so old and gray,
The gentle yet majestic grace
Of mother passed away.

The hands that rocked me while I slept In silence, deep, profound, And soothed me when I often wept, Those hands are 'neath the ground.

Dear hands that did so much for me When helplessly I lay, God knows they worked continually, But they are gone today. Those hands nursed me when I was ill, And close to Death's grim door, But they are now so cold and still, Shall I see them never more?

I may see fairer ones I know, Ere I shall pass away, But none will set my heart aglow Like thoughts of hers to-day.

C. Bristoe.

THE EMMANUEL BIBLE CLASS

of

HAMPDEN M. P. CHURCH

By O. Ely Vice.

The Class at first numbered only eight, Which plainly showed the Church's fate; So "Stonie" after a brief survey Took Archie Ford and planned a way To create Class interest far and wide—They both agreed to stick if it took the hide; So in October with men alive They organized a Class of sixty-five.

Now, when that Class began to grow,
The Hampden people were soon to know
That Jesus Christ was on His throne,
For it changed the lives of men and homes.
More and more the boys were bent
To help Archie Ford, the President,
To urge new ones to attend
While Pastor Stone would rub it in.

This Class has grown to be immense
For God has promised to recompense—
The next official announcement from the throng
It's expected to be fourteen hundred strong.

Now, if you should ask how this could be Just hang around and you can see; When Stone and Ford put on the yoke They get a man at every stroke.

Archie is steadily on the go,
He is consecrated from tip to toe—
When he looks around and finds his man not there
He goes after the fellow with fervent prayer.
Whether Jim, Peter, John, Tom, William or Bob
Next Sunday the fellow is on the job;
Then he makes him feel so at home
Every Sunday thereafter he is sure to come.

When the Class was building the Parson's home He would not allow them to labor alone; As the men started off with a merry song "Stonie" hopped on the car and went along. When they arrived at the end of the road They had to wait for a part of the load—Almost so dark it would make you screech, Yet the men decided that the Parson must preach.

And before he knew what was coming next
Some one had already announced his text.
Though it was night they didn't catch him asleep
So he faced about and began to preach.
Just how long he preached I'm sure I don't know
But while he was at it he certainly did go;
The men were rejoicing while "Stonie" worked hard,
For he knew that his message had come from the Lord.

When the Parson donned a workingman's garb And began to haul dirt from the parsonage yard Some people said that his dignity was lost, That the parsonage was coming at too great a cost; But the work for the Reverend was just recreation, And he exchanged his dignity for genuine salvation, At least he thought it was worth all it cost—He counted all gain and nothing lost.

On the Sabbath morning with hearts aglow They met in a body, their loyalty to show; Stone takes command though meek and lowly, And they march for God to the house of the Holy. A most wonderful sight it is to behold Five hundred men, loyal, brave, and bold, Without rifle or sword, saber or rod But following the Parson marching for God.

The most thrilling scene is yet to come
When the Class takes their places as if they were home;
Just to feel that the body is with one accord,
And hear five hundred voices sing for the Lord.
Stone preaches and prays from the depth of his soul;
They get the straight gospel, there's nothing untold,
It's an awful burden, he has said once or twice,
To hold such a flock for the crucified Christ.

There are many funny things to tell About this Class "Emmanuel,"
And as they tickled me through and through I'll relate some of them to you;
Although telling tales out of school
Can be applied only to a fool.
So now, just listen and I will tell the story
Of some funny things mixed with glory.

The Class has two "poets," Len Beyer and Dan Ryan,
And of course the Class think they are very fine.
They are not finely polished, yet smooth and neat,
And for poetical poetry they have the world beat.
There has been little said of the poets' contest,
As the Class don't dare say which is the best.
When the Class has a banquet the poets are the tellers,
So the boys must be careful for they are both good fellows.

When the Class wants something turned They mention the thing to "Billy Burns;" He thinks "Stonie" is the whole cheese, So he plunges in up to his knees.

"Billy's" all right, and don't you forget it, He has lots of good deeds to his credit, And we'll never know until things are revealed Just how many sore spots "Billy" has healed.

Bill Moorfoot went out one Sunday morn,
As he supposed his crown to adorn
By presenting a new member to the boys,
And thus you see enrich his joys.
Now, when he arrived on the spot
Hoping his man was ready, but found him out,
He pitched in to lend assistance,
Which as a matter of course was met with resistance.

Moorfoot is a man that's fairly handy
And with a safety razor he's a dandy.
So he shaved his man so slick and fine
In reality it was worth more than a dime—
Now there was nothing wrong in the shaving,
Nor in the ten cents the fellow was saving,
But while Moorfoot was jubilant over the play,
The fellow skipped out the door and got away.

When Archie confronts the Class on a Sabbath morn To lift the saddened and forlorn,
With deepest reverence and full of vim
He says, "Go get 'em boys, go get 'em."
Now he is always wandering about,
And very frequently gets ordered out,
But of course that all comes in his plan
For he seldom goes until he gets his man.

But thanks be to God, he is true to the call,
And stands firm and fast in the face of it all,
And in that glad day when the name-stones are given
He will wear a white garment with Jesus in Heaven.
To the Class I would like to say good and strong,
That the song bird is unnoticed until it has flown;
Wait not with your flowers until he crosses the Jordan,
But line up like heroes and help bear the burden.

I imagine I can see Stone when he gets to Heaven, And the fourteen hundred men to him God has given, And when they march up to the "Great White Throne," The Lamb of God shall come forth and say "well done." And then, I say then, from the first to the last, Shall realize the value of "The Men's Bible Class;" All will then be revealed, there'll be nothing to tell For their dream has come true in "Emmanuel."

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES OF EMMANUEL BIBLE CLASS

By (The Gander) James Thompson

- A. stands for Archie, who is always busy. Ford is his last name, sounds like a tin lizzy.
- B. stands for Brown, a plasterer is he.

 Many an old coon Matt's chased up a tree.
- C. stands for Campbell, who is on the level. He started his trade as a printer's devil.
- D. stands for Dunkel, a salesman for Katz.

 He wears all kinds of jewelry and also wants spats.
- E. stands for Eddie, whose last name is Rice. On papering houses he gives good advice.
- F. stands for Fisher, he handles clay bricks.
 When ice-cream is on hand aroung the freezer he sticks.
- G. stands for George, his last name is Bowen.

 His hair is getting scarce since he stopped growin'.
- H. stands for Harper, dear little Willie.

 With some paint and a brush he can knock things silly.
- stands for Isaac, his last name is Ford.
 A member of church and serves on the board.
- J. stands for John, his last name is Bopst.
 He sells a few groceries and also some soaps.
- K. stands for King, his first name is Charles.
 He makes a good husband, he never quarrels.
- L. stands for Lemuel, his last name is Beyer.
 He writes poetry and sings in the choir.
- M. stands for Moorfoot, secretary of the band.

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He is making shells to defend our land.

- N. stands for Newman, his first name is Arthur. If you want your mug developed don't go any farther.
- Stands for Oliver, his last name you can guess.
 He is the guy who made this entertainment a success.
- P. stands for Pierce, who the collection seeks. He is a plumber and patches up leaks.
- Q. stands for quick, hurry up, don't stand still. Get a move on, find others our benches to fill.
- R. stands for Redding, a machinist is he. He fixes up ships that go out to sea.
- S. stands for Stone, our dear Parson Ed. He has a great weakness for ties that are red.
- T. stands for Thomas, his first name is Jim. For all kind of church work he's in the swim.
- U. stands for uncle, Uncle John Tice.
 Who is courteous and kind, and treats every one nice.
- V. stands for Victor, always present as a rule. Barton is Assistant Superintendent of our Sunday-school.
- W. stands for Watson, some singer you bet. Why he sings first tenor in our quartette.
- X. stands for absence from the Bible Class. So always show up—don't let a Sunday pass.
- Y. stands for Younger, his first name is Gill. Never leaves the table till he gets his fill.
- Z. stands for Zellers, his first name is Ed. Who believes in "Early to rise and early to bed."

OUR PASTOR

Composed by James Thompson.

A little man about five foot six
Who hurls Christian advice like throwing bricks,
And if in his audience you should sit,
Look out, old man, you'll surely get hit.

With a face that beams with a winning smile,

To hear him is surely worth your while.

Just one look into that good old face

Would change the worst bum on Market Space.

He can play the organ, and also sing,

Till your heart with God's praise will surely ring,

Hail fellow well met, in for any clean sport,

With actions and words that cause Satan to snort.

"Come brace up, and be a Christian, 'buddie;'
Cut out all drink that makes your brain muddy—"
This is advice from a Christian, every muscle and bone—
All combined together, makes our pastor Eddie Stone.

"THE PLACE"

In all my wanderings I have found One church that covers a spot of ground Where people actually preach and pray And worship God on the Sabbath day.

The Pastor of this Church is E. D. Stone; A man thats full of grit and bone, And if you don't believe the words I say Just meet me there next Sabbath day.

The place I say, is not hard to find; It's thirty-four hundred and forty-nine On Falls Road opposite the reservoir; Just come along and meet the boys.

There's another thing about the place That can be seen in the people's face; They have a joy that's all their own That comes direct from the Throne.

Now Pastor Stone who is Spirit led, Lifts his people above his head And points the lost ones to the Throne And in Jesus' name he bids them come.

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This is no place for a fainty crew Who are afraid of something to do; Reverend Stone makes his message ring For the Hampden Church is doing things.

The people there are in accord And oh! how they love and serve the Lord; There's at least one place above the sod Where they exalt the Christ and honor God.

O. E. Vice.

CHAPTER 16.

THE LAST WORD.

ND now the little book is written except for a word or two. I have no more of history to write and have written our hope for the future. But the pastor has a word from his

own life and heart. In the first place, I wish to say, "Thank you" to dear Dr. Tagg who has guided me in this undertaking, and to Miss Mildred Bopst, whose ready fingers made the typewriter sing its own sweet song, I say "Thank you, Miss Mildred."

And now I am thinking of the day when I came down the old Falls Road, one evening in April, tired and blue.

How wonderfully God has blessed us. The Lord surely has led us in "green pastures and beside still waters."

No minister has ever served a more true and loyal people. Five years of peace and happiness and showers of blessing. His dear people seem to think of nothing but kindness for him. There has never been a request made but that it was granted. They have been all that any pastor could desire, and the pastor has given them his all, and given it gladly. He would do the same again.

Dear old Hampden is in her palmy days; she has wrought well, she has endured much, and today she rejoices over her victory.

What a blessed privilege to work with her people! Has the work been easy? No, not easy; it takes all your heart can stand and all your hands and feet can do to keep the pace one must go, to answer the numberless demands that come. Some days he thinks that he can hardly get through, feels the old wheels slowing up. The strain is so great and the work is so wearing that when you feel

you must hold up a bit, then some sweet message comes from a heart that loves you tenderly and keenly appreciates you and all the work you are trying to do; some kind deed of loving affection is done for you all unexpected, a "God Bless You" from the lips of some saint about to cross the river, then, somehow, you feel stealing over your tired heart a strange and holy calm, a restful warmth, a hovering heart great with its tenderness, and you just feel the joy of holy fellowship with Him who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who went about doing good, and a song starts in the depths of your spirit and it finds its way to your lips and you sing with a hallowed joy—

One more day's work for Jesus,— How sweet the work has been, To tell the story, To show the glory, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!

One more day's work for Jesus! Oh, yes, a weary day; But Heaven shines clearer, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in all Before His face I fall.

Oh blessed work for Jesus!
Oh rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
LORD, IF I MAY,
I'LL SERVE ANOTHER DAY!

THE DEED OF THE

HAMPDEN METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH

Baltimore, Maryland.

(Was Hampden Village.)

Henry F. Zollickoffer and wife deed in fee to the Minister and Trustees of Hampden Methodist Protestant Church of Baltimore County.

This deed made this 6th day of May, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-four, Between Henry F. Zollickoffer and Mary J. Zollickoffer, his wife of the city of Baltimore in the state of Maryland, of the first part, and the Minister and Trustees of Hampden Methodist Protestant Church of Baltimore County, a body corporate of the second part. Witnesseth in consideration of seven hundred (\$700) dollars, the said Henry F. Zollickoffer and Mary J. Zollickoffer, his wife, do grant and convey unto the said, the minister and trustees of the Hampden Methodist Protestant Church, of Baltimore County, their successors and assigns in fee, all that tract or parcel of land situated, and lying in Baltimore County, aforesaid in the village of Hampden, which is thus described:

Beginning for the same, on the east side of the Falls Turnpike Road, opposite to the Hampden Reservoir, and at the southwest corner of lot No. ninety-five, as laid down on the plat of the property of the Hampden association, and running thence easterly and binding on the south line of lot number ninety-five (95) and one hundred and thirty-two feet, more or less to the center of an alley ten feet wide, laid out mid-way between the Falls Turnpike Road and Hickory Avenue. Thence, southerly, on the center of said ten foot alley, one hundred and twenty feet, thence westerly one parallel to the first line herein described one hundred and thirty-two feet more or less, to the east side of the Falls Turnpike Road, and thence northerly on the east side of said Road one hundred and twenty feet, to the place of beginning. The same being a part of lot No. ninety-three, as

laid down on the plat hereinbefore mentioned, and being also a part of the same lot of ground described in a lease from said Zollickoffer and wife to James F. Gibson and other trustees, bearing date of February 4, 1868, and recorded among the land records of Baltimore County in Liber, E. H. A. No. 57, page 527. certain portions of said whole lot mentioned in said lease. having been heretofore conveyed by said grantor and grantee to Isaac Crowther, George O. Stevens, James R. Wheeler, W. H. Sullivan, Benjamin F. Chappman and Otto Duker. Respectfully in fee together with the improvements thereto belonging or appertaining and especially said yearly rent, reserved in said lease, to have and to hold the said described lot of ground and premises hereby mentioned, to be granted and conveyed with the rights and appurtenances aforesaid under the said Minister and Trustees of the Hampden Methodist Protestant Church of Baltimore County, and their successors and assigns in fee simple forever, and the said Henry F. Zollickoffer hereby covenants that he has not done or suffered to be done, any act, matter or thing, whatsoever to encumber the property hereby conveyed, that he will warrant the said property especially to said Minister and Trustees of the Hampden Methodist Protestant Church of Baltimore County, their successors and assigns, and that he will execute such further assurance as may be requisite.

Witness the hands and seals of said grantors.

HENRY F. ZOLLICKOFFER. (Seal.) MARY J. ZOLLICKOFFER. (Seal.)

Test.

The words "also a part" being a first interlined in the latter part of the description between the words "being and the"